

Pax et bonum.

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What have you got in your
bottom drawer ?

NEEDED

Towels, sheets and pillowcases.
If *you* have any which you do
not need, *we* should find them
very useful. Our large family
and many guests would
appreciate your help.

We are most grateful for your
kindness to us

THE GUESTMASTER S.S.F.
THE FRIARY
HILFIELD
DORCHESTER
DORSET

Aboriginal Art

Painting by tribal artist from Yirrkhala, a Methodist mission in Arnhem Land, northern Australia.

Part of the story of Barama, one of the creator ancestors, who came out of the water as a spirit and became a man, bringing with him many special items of lore, and the variations of the diamond pattern. He created the freshwater tortoise, crayfish, frogs and water weeds and then put them in a river.

In the painting, rows of dots stand for water weeds. Rows of diamond shapes represent the water flowing in the river. Oval patterns, when woven into the diamond chains, represent the waterholes in the river. These patterns were created by Barama, and the real reason for his coming was to teach them to the Yirritja clans, one of which became jealous of his lore and later killed him.

See article by M. H. Haines



The Precious Thing

THE founders, re-founders and reformers in the Religious Life were men with a vision, an insight and intuition which was precious to them and constrained them to make it somehow available to others. So rules were born, or renewed, or rediscovered—rules which attempt to reduce a vision to words which inspire and direct. S. Francis could not make one, in case the vision be lost. S. Benedict sought to aid ‘beginners’ by a rule which might lead them by the path he had followed, yet which might be kept in a lifeless way, so that the vision never came into view. When Benedictine practice grew complex and ornate, reformers sought to capture the original rule’s simplicity.

An artist’s intuition is given expression not in a rule but in plastic form. Painting and sculpture have their schools and movements, their traditions and decadences and their new discoveries. One can admire the skill of a master painter, derived from unsparing toil in practice of the use of his materials. But what makes the whole thing worth while is the vision, the insight, the intuition which is the precious thing he is communicating by means of brute matter. As styles become more sophisticated they give rise to reactions in the direction of simplicity. Primitive forms and techniques inspire civilised and sophisticated artists. Primitive art, dismissed at one time as crude and infantile, becomes valued both for its own achievement and for the lessons it can teach. To simplify is not, however, to reject all traditional skills and experience but to attempt to re-discover basic, underlying principles which have become obscured by over-abundant elaboration.

In the Religious Life we are aware that other religious traditions than the Christian include a form of life in various ways similar to our own. Their principles may be articulated in doctrines and beliefs alien to the insights of Christianity, but this is neither to say that such ways of life do not have a true place in the Christian frame of reference, nor that their wisdom and skills are without Christian value. Primitive paintings now reveal a quality not previously expected to be found in ‘savage’ or ‘prehistoric’ peoples. We discover people living at a very ‘low’ level of civilisation, or remotely ancient cave-dwellers, possessing great artistic sensitivity, which makes us realise that they are or were *people*, with visions and intuitions to communicate, no strangers to that precious thing which the art-lover seeks and finds.

The Minister General's Letter

THE FRIARY,
BRISBANE.

December, 1969.

My dear friends,

This is the fourth Christmas that I have spent away from England and all that I can wish for you is that yours has been as happy and wonderful as ours has been. Brother Geoffrey is here with us and Brother Bernard and the Australian Family has given me a loving welcome and is doing so much to make my visit a joyous one. I expect that this will be my last visit to this Province and that is why I am making it a fairly long one. With the new house here in Brisbane and the work in New Zealand and the house that is soon to start in Honiara there is much to see before I finally leave the Province at the end of May and move on to see the Brothers in Africa.

We are all looking forward to the arrival of Chapter Brothers from America and England for the First Order Chapter and also to the coming of Brother Philip Leonard, who will accompany me on the rest of this tour and will help me with preparing my final reports before going out of office.

My mind is still very full of the wonderful things that happened in Italy in October and my heart overflowing with gratitude for the loving generosity and understanding of our Roman Catholic Brethren and friends—all of which proves what a tremendous ministry Brother Peter was able to accomplish. From a Cardinal Archbishop to cottagers in the hills above Sotto-il-Monte the cry was ' We need another Padre Pedro ' and ' the gap is so great without Brother Peter '. As my route back from Africa is through Rome I shall hope to see some of the friends again and once more to thank them all.

The lovely summer weather here makes it a bit hard to realise that we are at the end of the year and it is harder still to realise that a new decade comes in and how one wonders what it will bring ! Is it not true that up to a point what it will bring will depend on what each one of us will put into it—*now* ? Society is in a chaotic state—the Christian Church no less in such a state—and as individuals most of us are a bit ' mixed up ' although we generally use this term of others and not of ourselves ! I am actually writing on Holy Innocents' day and thinking of the havoc and chaos that happened when the non-violent Prince

of Peace took on himself our human nature that we may finally become 'partakers of the divine nature' and the chaos goes on. But thank God our 'messings up' of God's plan are only temporal while his plan for us is eternal. Let us take hold of the *now* which, as I think I reminded you in an earlier letter, is not 'the tomb of the past but the womb of the future' as good Pope John wrote. Let us seek to find Jesus Christ here and now, where we are, lest looking too far, we go on missing him.

I rely on your prayers for this tour and for whatever is to be his will for my future in S.S.F.

God bless you all,

With my love,

David S.S.F.

Minister General.

Quarterly Chronicle

Brother Michael writes :

ENGLISH PROVINCE I am just about to leave for the First Order Chapter in the Pacific, an event for us of great importance. This inevitably obliges us to consider the future of the English Province in a Community which is now consciously world-wide. By most standards the Society is still a very small one but it is deliberately committed to exercising its influence over a very wide area and we look forward in the future to welcoming Brothers from the other Provinces who will keep us informed of the particular problems of the Church in other parts of the World. At the same time, we have to consider how best we may organise ourselves in this country and remain aware of the particular needs of the society we exist to serve.

In many ways we have grounds for thankfulness as we review our situation. During the next year there are a number of men who intend to test their vocation and, should the novitiate retain its present stability under the guidance of Brother Giles, we could hope that in two or three years' time there will be a new generation of Friars at the disposal of the Church.

From some points of view the life of the Community must remain unchanged. The basis of our life is found in Prayer and Obedience to the Will of God without which other plans would be futile. It is not always easy to see how this can be expressed. Though all the Brethren acknowledge this commitment which appears most fully in the principal Houses of this Province at Hilfield, Glasshampton and Alnmouth, we inevitably find ourselves caught in the continuing tension (that is common to the whole Church) between the fundamental desire to express our devotion to God and the many, sometimes radical, ways in which this is being changed in order that it should be honest and meaningful. Visitors to our Houses often express surprise and sometimes dismay, because things are different from what they either expected or remember. This, however, is not only inevitable but right. There is always the danger of experiment merely in order to keep pace with the latest fad and we know that such experiments could be disastrous. What we look for is development rather than experiment. This is by no means easy and can create quite natural tension. There is perhaps no more important aspect of our life as Franciscan Brothers and Sisters for which we need the prayer and concern of our friends. The changes in the office, silence rules, the basic structure of the chapel at Hilfield and so on, are all concerned to give a greater stability to our common life of prayer—all the more so because we recognise the importance of the training of our Brothers.

Against that background we can hope in the future to develop our work as a 'caring' Community. Caring is perhaps an inadequate word. Our fundamental commitment is redemptive, as indeed it has always been. This begins with the Brothers and Sisters themselves. We are beginning to discover just how true this is. It can no longer be the case that we appear to move out from a secure position to care for others. Our responsibility is to be in positions where, appearing to be concerned with the needs of others, we find them ministering to us.

There are many demands being made on our charity and desire to serve and, as the Province grows, unlimited opportunities. Though

some Brothers are being trained so that they may bring expert knowledge to bear on these problems, the majority must depend on their love, and compassion, commonsense, and readiness to share. The 'houses' we set up cannot be large or notable projects but rather two or three Brothers living quite simply, answering particular needs so long as they are required, and depending on the three main houses for their spiritual support. We have made a start in Birmingham where Maurice and Arnold are beginning a work for the homeless unemployed, and in the house at Ashton where Angelo and Godric are living. We hope there may be others like this.

CERNE ABBAS Christmas has been a delightfully happy festival here, in spite of a number of the family being down with the 'flu, and the hitch over the kitchen renovations. Quite a crowd of friends joined us for the midnight mass and for refreshments afterwards in the refectory. We helped in eight or nine parishes locally with the Christmas services, owing to the clergy being down with sickness. The film in the evening, *Where Angels go, Trouble follows*, was very amusing and timely. On the Saturday the Brothers gave an entertainment to friends from the locality—an adaptation of *Oliver* with friarish insinuations! This humorous performance was much appreciated.

Three postulants, Kenneth Petrock, Michael Kentigern and Derek, became novices on 1 December. It was a very happy day and it was a delight to have so many friends to share in the event with us. Another very happy occasion was the ordination of Brother Richard to the priesthood at Salisbury Cathedral on 21 December. Many of the family journeyed to Salisbury for this great event.

Two of our boys from Bernard House, Kenneth Brown and Robert Hazell, also Mr. George Thompson, Brother Nathanael's father, from S. Francis' Home, were confirmed on Sunday evening, 26 October, at Hilfield church and it was a great happiness to have the sacrament administered by Brother John Charles, who came specially from Glasshampton.

Canon Douglas Rhymes of Southwark visited us in November and gave us a very stimulating talk about 'South Bank Religion'. There was a lively discussion following this.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to Brother Kevin on the recent death of his mother, as well as to Brother Noel on the death of his father. It was good that both were able to be home at the time.

The demands of the work in the other houses has meant a changing population in the Friary this last year. Brother Angelo, our guestmaster, left us in October to take charge of the house at Ashton-under-Lyne. He is much missed. At the time of writing Brother Simeon, who has been in charge of the kitchen for the last eighteen months and has done exceedingly well, is leaving for Alnmouth as also is Kenneth Petrock. We wish them well and welcome Brother Bruce to take Simeon's place. We are sorry about the serious illness of his father.

Three members of the Home are not with us at the moment. David Hunt is looking after his sisters in illness. David Collins and Anthony Dawson have both been seriously ill. At present David is at a nursing home in S. Leonards and Anthony in Dorchester Hospital. Our thoughts and prayers are with them.

During the term quite a number of undergraduates squashed into CAMBRIDGE the Sunday afternoon teas in the house. In spite of crowding the teas seemed to go easily and pleasantly. Once a fortnight a group of undergraduates met with Brother Jonathan to read poetry with considerable enjoyment. The Companions met in S. Bene't's on 28 October. After the eucharist, there was supper in the aisle. Brother Ronald then talked in his inimitable manner with an accompaniment of guitar and songs.

During the term we had tea meetings in S. Bene't's on three occasions. Sir Maurice Laing talked to us of his relationship with his very remarkable father. In answer to questions he told us something of his ideals in business. The Headmaster of Bradfield College took for his title 'Is there any leaven in todays educational loaf?'. At the last meeting a team from Bar Hill spoke of the way in which six denominations were working together in that new village.

On 26 November a concert was arranged in S. Bene't's by the Gagliano Group, composed in the main of students from Kings. Quite a large audience enjoyed the concert and some £36 was raised to help pay for the humidifier which was found necessary for the organ.

S. Bene't's was one of the churches which gave considerable support to the Declaration on World Poverty. There was some criticism of the wording of the declaration, but over seventy people signed it. Brother Jonathan and Dr. David Peat, a churchwarden, have been asked to serve on a follow-up Committee.

During these last two months we have enjoyed the visits of the Minister General, Brother Iltyd, Brother Mark, Brother John Charles, Brother Michael and Brother Columba. David Collins spent a week with us, returning unfortunately to a very severe attack of asthma. Due to the great kindness of our friends we spent a very enjoyable Christmas, when some of the men who lived with us in the old house shared our Christmas Dinner with us. We have been happy to have entertained several members of the congregation to coffee, which are happy and relaxed occasions.

In mid-October we bade farewell to Brother Hugh as he went GLASSHAMPTON off to Zurich to study at the C. G. Jung Institute. Brother Luke took over as Friar-in-Charge and within days of his arrival the brothers in the house began to move. In fact in the last few months Glasshampton has acquired an entirely new family with the exceptions of Brothers Alban and Harold who are the 'missing link' with former days.

In December Brother Alban went off to Freeland to be chaplain to the nuns. We did manage to have him with us for Christmas Day as Brother Sebastian went down to fetch him in our Land-Rover. This was a treat for Sebastian as he was able to serve at the midnight mass at Freeland.

Brother Neville is now in residence here and is able to get to most offices, masses and meals. Every day he can be seen strolling through the cloister sometimes with 'Tiger Lil', our cat, walking with him.

Since the first of December the brothers have been responsible for the services at the Great Witley Parish Church. This has been one good way to establish links with our neighbours. Some even remember Father William !

It has been a great joy to us all to welcome Brother Basil into our family here. He came along with two canaries and in no time acquired ten fine hens and a cockerel who answers to 'Wilfred', but Luke had to say a firm 'No !' to the idea of getting a bush baby !

There has been a steady flow of guests and retreatants to the house who come to join in our quiet life of prayer and study. It is always a joy to share our way of life with others.

We had a very happy Christmas festival and once again on Boxing
PLAISTOW Day the Brethren and Sisters visited the Convent of the Love of God at Hemel Hempstead, where we shared in food and fellowship with the Community there. Brother Glyn was on duty nursing in the district so unfortunately could not join us, but it was a very happy occasion indeed.

We were overjoyed to welcome the return of Brother Nicholas from hospital and convalescence. He is now in very good form and obviously much fitter than he has been for a long time. It was also a great joy to have Brothers Dominic and Gregory return to live with us whilst they continue their studies in London. The variety of occupations of the Brothers and Sisters here is considerable but we give as much time to visiting in the district as we can.

Brother Donald was able to officiate, assisted by Brother Frederick, at the funeral of our beloved Percy Smith, who had been such a faithful friend to the house, and verger and caretaker of the church, for so many years. His humble and generous life was a splendid witness to all who knew him.

A party of theological students spent ten days in the deanery to observe and share in the work of the church in this area. We were delighted to welcome three of them as guests in the house. They shared in our life here and both observed and assisted in the pastoral work of this district. They visited many of our local people and were certainly made to feel very much at home with customary East End generosity.

Guests come and go in a continuous stream and from time to time we are glad to entertain friends who have spent some time in the noviciate. Two of us were able to attend the wedding at Chiswick of James Cant who first met the Brothers in New Guinea, became a novice in England, and then left to work on the staff of B.O.A.C. at London Airport, where he met his bride.

Alnmouth has just had the heaviest fall of snow since 1947 !

ALNMOUTH Everything is frozen up, but fortunately we have enormous reserves of sea-coal and driftwood which the boys whom we look after have, with great enthusiasm, been collecting off the beaches over the last three months.

These young men, all around the age of nineteen or twenty, come to stay with us for a period of six months to a year and are usually recommended by the Probation Officers. The boys constitute a very real and important part of the life of the house. People often ask what we are trying to do for these young men, when we are not trained or particularly qualified in this sort of work. I think the answer is to be found in the latest Home Office report, 'Probationers in their social environment'. This report is the result of a survey by the Home Office Research Unit into the case histories of boys on probation, and the conclusion reached was that there is overwhelming evidence that the greatest single cause of boys becoming involved in crime is the breakdown in the relationship between father and son. To quote the report, 'Whereas the existence of the Mother-figure made no appreciable difference, the presence or absence of a Father-figure clearly distinguishes between failure and success in a boy's life . . . The best chance of success occurs where the father exerts a firm but kindly discipline and where the mutual feeling between them is warm and friendly. The likelihood of failure increases steadily as the relationship between father and son deteriorates'.

According to our friends in the Probation Service, it is precisely this personal care and concern that a lad finds in the family of the Friary, to give him the stability which he so desperately needs. And further, all too often, the ordinary institution, to which such boys are normally sent, are too big and 'organized' to give the sort of warmth and sense of belonging which is essential to maturity.

Brother Francis writes :

FIWILA I am writing this in Salisbury, Rhodesia, while on my way to conduct a retreat for the Mashonaland clergy at the initiative of the bishop, Paul Burroughs, an old friend of our Society. The church specially needs our prayers at this time in the many difficult problems that are arising from the trend of politics in the country. Its government has just threatened to reduce grants to church schools so that the churches have threatened to close down all their schools. This may be just what the government wants, to get more control over education. Archbishop Oliver has been lately criticised by Zambian Christians for agreeing to the name of the queen being dropped from Rhodesian service books. But the bishops here felt that it was wiser to drop all names of rulers, before the country becomes a republic, so that they would not be forced to pray by name for the new president when he is elected. They pray for 'the rulers of this country', which can be interpreted in different ways.

I left behind in Kabwe Brother Stephen and Brother Aidan in beds next to one another in the hospital. Brother Stephen was the first patient to be flown from our new airstrip to hospital, by a local farmer. An operation for double hernia was successfully performed just before I left. Brother Aidan went in the same week for a stone in the kidney, which was disintegrating when I last saw him.

We had our usual parties for the leprosy patients before Christmas, and for the station children after Christmas, with the help of gifts from the Red Cross at Kabwe, and other organisations. Our midnight mass was well attended in spite of rain.

Brother Aidan hopes to go for a term to S. John's Seminary, Lusaka, as soon as Brother Desmond returns from his furlough. This will be Aidan's preparation for his ordination to the priesthood next Trinity.

Brother Ronald writes :

WARRINGTON In the bleak mid-winter frosty winds made moan, but it was a warm hearted and joyous Christmas in the Alnmouth Friary—then the return to Warrington—to snow, slush, ice, fog and drizzle ; and the foot slogging to factories, hospitals and homes, where everyone was talking about the 'flu bug, the weather, Saturday's matches, Biafra, and the cost of living. Most people seem to want to live in spite of the cost, and many do care about people other than themselves—the Biafrans, the homeless, old age pensioners, neglected and unwanted children. Young people especially have shown themselves ready to work and make sacrifices for the needy whenever they are challenged or given the opportunity. We have seen evidence of this in Warrington and Liverpool. The caring church seems to be emerging, but too slowly : there are still too many Christians content to hide themselves in their churches and organisations. This is noticeable among churchmen who seem to be unable, if not unwilling, to relate their Christianity to working life, as if God was not involved or concerned with industry and commerce.

The plans for Warrington New Town have been revealed in two weeks' exhibition, lectures and discussions. The old Warrington will vanish and a new and enlarged town of greater beauty and usefulness will emerge. The church too must experience this death and resurrection. Already we see the signs, and look forward in our prayers to the realisation of a united and loving Christian community.

It is good to be able to report that our residential conference at Rydal Hall for men from industry was oversubscribed. It is also encouraging that, in spite of the axing of financial support for the Scargill conference for employees of the Lancashire Division of the British Steel Corporation, the men are willing to pay for themselves and a good number will be going to Scargill.

The Industrial Chaplains and about twenty parish priests of this area, who have had experience in industry or who visit factories in their parishes, were invited by the chairman of Mond Division of I.C.I. to a two hour conference. We also met the deputy chairmen and some of the directors. This was a meeting of great importance and significance in our progression towards a better understanding of God's purposes for His Church in Industry and industrial society.

Brother Paul David writes :

WHITECHAPEL Since the last issue of THE FRANCISCAN we have seen Christmas and a new decade. For Christmas Brother Owen, Paul Billings and his brother shared in the festivities at Church House, Wellclose Square, the other boys went to their homes and friends and I went to join our brothers and sisters for a very happy time at Plaistow. All of us saw the New Decade in in an appropriate way and the flat on New Year's Day looked very much like any other place.

The Franciscans have been in the East End of London for many years and, whilst the life and work here is rather different from the Cable Street days it is in many ways a continuation of that work. People still stop us in the street and say how good it is to see a ' brown brother ' and they often ask after Brother Neville and the other brothers who worked with him in Stepney.

The work of the Gatehouse is difficult to describe and Brother Owen would be the last person to shout about his achievements. Nonetheless his contribution to the East End, to the countless number of boys and other people whom he has helped and his work within the community at Toynbee Hall is appreciated by all with whom he comes into contact.

There have been a vast number of visitors here during the last few months : brothers from England and overseas, friends from this area and further afield, boys who have lived here or been at S. Francis School in the past. The school reunion was perhaps a focus of these visits and we have been very happy to see old boys as well as quite a number of the staff from the school.

May we take this opportunity of thanking you for your Christmas cards, best wishes and your prayers. May the new decade bring you joy and peace.

Brother Angelo writes :

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE There are now four boys resident, one more expected on 15 January, and the possibility of a sixth in March. As Brother Jerome has returned to the Friary there are just Godric and I here at the moment though we are to be joined shortly by Norman Paul (from Alnmouth) who will help us until March when it is hoped that Brother Anthony will be coming to us as a permanent 'third'.

It has been a time of adjustment and re-adjustment as I settled in and the lads got used to me as a replacement for Mark, and I cannot speak too highly of the support from Godric during this not-too-easy period.

Andy has gone away and it is unlikely that he will be returning since it is felt that we have given him as much help as we can and the time is right for a move. Of those who were here when I arrived, Sid and Geoff remain, and they have been joined by Leonard and Leslie—the latter during two periods of stay at the Friary has already made a number of friends among the brethren.

Thanks to the generosity of Alf Burgum (a staunch and dear friend to the whole family) we have the temporary use of a car which makes me a little more mobile ; I am hoping in future to be able to visit some of the local Borstals, etc., to gain more experience of the kind of difficulties faced by homeless lads, and by those authorities who try to help them.

Thanks to a number of kind gifts from friends of the project, Christmas was a very successful 'family' holiday. It was a great joy to have Brother Michael with us for forty-eight hours (including the whole of Christmas Day), and it meant a great deal to us all that he chose to come and spend the festival here—in spite of his remark about 'the rich, full Franciscan life' which was prompted by the appearance of three bottles of *Vin Rosé* at lunch !

Thank you all for your prayers and your encouragement ; do go on praying for us as we begin 1970 with great hopes of continuing to build on the excellent foundation laid by Mark, Jerome and Alison Mary—to try to avoid the mistakes we have unwittingly made—and to continue looking for the best way to fulfil the needs of those who come to us here.

After some protracted negotiations, this House became available for occupation at the beginning of December. It is a terraced house, set in a multi-racial district, providing accommodation for ten men. By the time that this appears in print it is hoped that a working party, and the builders, will have made the necessary adjustments to the building to bring it into line with our purposes.

The opportunity of a week-end at the S. Martin of Tours Centre in Islington came our way in the summer, and radically changed our ideas as to the use of the Birmingham House. A further stay of seven weeks clinched the matter. S. Martin's, set up by the Society of S. Vincent de Paul with the backing of the Roman Catholic Metropolitan Dioceses, under the leadership of Austin Williams, offers a man a supporting environment in his finding his way back into society. The men are received from a variety of sources. They are required to hold a job, and if unemployed are put in the way of acquiring work. This is the first step. Through the media of group discussions and personal guidance residents are encouraged to discuss their problems and to assist one another in working out solutions.

Allowing for difference in the size and situation of this house, we hope to work along these lines. We have established contacts with officials and organisations in the city, who have expressed interest and approval, and offered practical help. The local Christian Action office will channel men to us. We shall also be co-operating with the probation and after-care service. Prior to permanent occupation, the administration will study case histories of each applicant, followed by a personal interview, and a two week assessment period.

Our numbers will be *firmly* restricted to six, until such time as we have created a sense of family, and then only do we intend to expand to our maximum number of ten.

A week after the piece was written for the last FRANCISCAN the builders went away and left us for the winter ! They are still arguing about the allocation of costs, but we hope by the spring they will decide to come back and do some more work on the chapel. Meanwhile the two gable ends are boarded off and covered with scaffolding and tarpaulin and we sit cosily in diminished space and listen to the snow thawing and dripping down inside the east and west walls. So we are doubtless warmer—and certainly quieter—than if the builders were here. We do not know whether the stonework is getting worse—we all avert our eyes from the horrid sight as there is nothing we can do about it at this point! We are in contact with a considerable number of convents of Poor Clares both in this country and in France, Italy, Belgium, Germany, U.S.A. and Canada, and it has been a real joy to hear from nearly all of them this Christmas—and never have we had as many greetings from our own Brothers. The greetings from all over the world, signed by the Friars in each house, have made a most impressive array and we have much appreciated them, as well as the greetings and gifts from all our other friends. Thank you all very much !

Christmas brought considerable merriment as usual, but more than all, the expression of several people that this year's midnight celebration was the loveliest ever.

It was, perhaps, the joy that went before trial, as we began then the worst epidemic the Community has known for some years. The 'flu hit us hard, threatening to overcrowd the Profession arranged for New Year's Day and terminating in the death of a patient. Several of our old dears were very ill indeed, and the Sisters were just managing to dovetail their days in the sickroom sufficiently to keep the home fires burning (and beds turning !).

However, knowing how very difficult it is to rearrange a bishop, not to mention a warden who is about to pop off round the world, we contrived to get the ring on Sister Cecilia's finger and her Life Profession will be a memorable and, in spite of all, a most happy occasion in our minds for years to come. We hope her family who so nobly braved weather and epidemic to support her, did not derive any ill from their venture. We look forward to enjoying them when they come again.

At the moment of writing we anticipate another joyful occasion, when Sister Mary Francis reaches the fiftieth anniversary of her Profession. We hope to have her with us in person for the celebration and we wish her a 'Golden Sequence' for this year of grace in her life.

Looking back on 1969, the outstanding event must be the visit, mentioned in the last issue, of Sisters Cecilia and Mary Catherine to the United States. Their programme of visits to Communities and friends in the Western States was quite a marathon and we have not yet exhausted all they have to tell us. A wealth of new friends, new thought, prayer and fellowship has been shared, making the whole a real link between our two provinces.

Workwise, the biggest development has been the work with schools and last autumn has reassured us that we have made a considerable entry in this field. In the spring months we have numerous groups of sixth formers coming, mostly for weekends and we hope the project will grow and continue.

There have been fewer missions this last year, but one or two sisters have spent more time in prison ! During the autumn Sister Gwenfryd had a temporary stay in Plaistow during the interim before Sister Julian going to start her nursing course at The London Hospital.

Sister Alison Mary is happily settled at the Northern Friary and it is good to have Sister Teresa at home for a while. Two Sisters went to the Welsh Rally in November and we feel it is good that we now know more friends and Companions in South Wales.

Lastly, we all greatly appreciated the community retreat conducted by Brother Derek and hope that as years go on we shall find this most essential part of our 'diet' a little easier to arrange !

Brother Geoffrey writes :

PACIFIC PROVINCE On 15 November His Grace the Archbishop of Brisbane dedicated our new house at Brisbane. This house has been purchased by the C.E.M.S. who are sponsoring the work of rehabilitation and we are thankful indeed, not only for their financial help but for the promise of practical co-operation in the work. It is for this reason that the house is being called Morris House, after Mr. R. J. Morris who did great work for the C.E.M.S. in the past. As I write the house is almost full and Brother William, Brother George and Mrs. Bolton (‘ Boltie ’ to her many friends) are making a happy team. The dedication was marked by a happy informality which seemed just right, and we are grateful to the archbishop for striking this note.

We are glad to say that other new arrivals, Brother Bernard at Brisbane and Brother Daniel at Koke, have settled happily and are already making a great contribution. As I write this, Brother Gordon is on board the P. & O. MV *Canberra* on the way to England. He has spent six years in all in Koke, longer than any other brother except Brother Andrew, and we are very thankful to God for his devoted work. His many friends in Papua are sad to see him leave and wish him happiness in his work in England. It is good to have Eileen King back and fighting fit for another term of service.

It is good to report that the Third Order is growing quietly and steadily. In this Province with its many countries and great distances it has proved impossible to try and organise it on English lines. So we have a separate organisation for each country, but a Chaplain General who holds it all together. Brother Brian has been Chaplain General so far and has built up the Third Order on sound lines. But his responsibilities have grown considerably in the last two years and so he is being relieved of his work as Chaplain General though I hope he will still look after the Tertiaries in New Guinea and be their Chaplain. Brother Reginald is to become the new Chaplain General and will take over in February. It has been very difficult to gather Tertiaries together for Retreat and Chapter, but we are hoping to gather Australian Tertiaries in Melbourne, 9—12 January. New Zealand Tertiaries have managed to gather each year, but New Guinea, though a retreat has been arranged, has never had a very full gathering owing to the problems of distance and the expense of travelling.

These are problems which we must live with and meet as best we can, but it is important that Tertiaries should meet together as an Order from time to time and realise the corporate nature of the Order.

These notes are being written during a brief pause in the sessions of **JEGARATA** the South Pacific Anglican Council which is meeting here. It is a wonderful privilege and joy for us to be hosts for such a gathering of nine bishops, representative priests and laymen, including an enormous Fijian medical doctor, an Indian lady in colorful dress and a Solomon Island district officer, all from the dioceses of Carpentaria, Melanesia, Papua-New Guinea and Polynesia. As we have brothers in the friary from each of these dioceses, it is a special joy for them to renew their friendship with their bishops and to hear news of their own people. On an occasion like this we realise how much the Society belongs to the South Pacific and we pray that the delegates of this conference will be able to return to their dioceses to encourage vocations to the religious life, particularly in this Society.

This conference is being followed immediately by another smaller one for a commission which has been set up to investigate the training, needs and deployment of clergy and evangelists in Papua-New Guinea. The Guardian is taking part in both conferences.

Then will come the community retreat to be conducted by the Minister General and the novices' retreat with Brother Christopher from England as conductor. By the time this is read we will also have had the Provincial and First Order Chapters here, when we will have welcomed brothers from the three provinces of the Society.

A steady number of guests have been staying with us in recent weeks and we were happy to have a brief visit by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Port Moresby, Archbishop Virgil Copas M.S.C., who has been a good friend of the brothers ever since we came to Papua.

While all this is going on, new students are arriving for S. Francis Evangelists' College in which there will be almost sixty during 1970. Their training is to be extended from two to three years so as to include agriculture and more practical training. We shall also be having an ordination course for five older men.

Brother Colin, a Solomon Islander, has been transferred to the new house at Auckland and Brother Kabay, a Torres Islander, is to be transferred to the American Province for six months. Both of them have contributed a great deal to the life of the friary and to our ministry in Papua. On S. Thomas's Day, Brother Thomas Frederick, a Papuan, was made a novice.

We are very grateful to all who remembered us at Christmas by sending us gifts and greetings.

Brother Bernard writes :

BRISBANE I don't think I believed all I was told about Australia before I came, but it really is a beautiful place. I remember now Simon's description of the Friary and its surroundings, but I was still quite unprepared for what I found. The lovely wooded hills and distant mountains ; the fresh clear mornings and

the dramatic sunsets. Many a morning I find I have to pinch myself as I make my way to the cowshed. If euphoria doesn't last for ever, I hope thankfulness and praise will.

I was also very impressed with what the brothers had built up here, both in the friary itself and in the city. The friary has the great advantage of being only seven miles from the centre. People come to see us in great numbers and Sunday afternoon resembles a good open youth club, with discreet counselling services. The brothers also go out regularly to the Open Door club, to a remand home, to a psychiatric hospital and to the migrants camp. Illtyd is doing a part-time University course. On Sundays we help in several parishes. The clergy are fairly hard-pressed: they usually have three or so churches in their parishes and are responsible for religious instruction in state schools. One hundred communicants at a 7 a.m. service with hymns and a sermon and an 8 and 9.30 to follow, is still a bit of a shock to someone from East London.

I see our task here as threefold. First we have to live the religious life together and continue to learn with the novices what it is all about. When Illtyd returns in February, we shall have eleven novices. In addition there is Rodney who is guest-master and general impresario, Chad who runs the office and garden, and Norman who is in charge of the farm. We have been embarrassingly short of money and hope to build up the pottery industry, and to make a bit more out of the farm. We shall still be very dependent on donations. It is a great privilege to be allowed to live the religious life in community these days. We can only continue to do it as people make it financially possible.

Secondly, we accept that the care of others is central to our vocation. The dozen or so men who live with us bring a variety of problems and some headaches, but they make a big contribution to our life and I am very glad that we are able to keep them here. There is always the danger that they become too dependent and settle here and so after Christmas (which in passing I must say was quite terrific) several of them moved out and will, I hope, manage outside. There is no doubt that our social-worker friends will soon be referring more men to take their place.

Thirdly, we have to go on looking for ways to contribute to the deepening and renewal of the Church. The two quiet days we arranged in Advent encourage us to arrange more this year: we hope too that groups and parishes will approach us for this sort of day. If the work builds up, I hope that one day we shall be able to build a retreat house here. Meanwhile there is some money left exclusively to build a chapel, and if we can get this done this year, our present chapel in the house will make an excellent room for retreatants and conference members. For some time, the emphasis will have to be on people coming to us, but we are also committed to about half a dozen missions of one sort and another and there is our continuing work in the parishes. Maybe some of the cold blasts of unbelief and radicalism have been felt here less than elsewhere. Yet I wouldn't want the wind of the Holy Spirit, which comes with them, to pass us by.

The four brothers of the New Zealand team—Brother Reginald, **AUCKLAND** Brother Michael Thomas, Brother Raymond and Brother Colin—met all together for the first time on Monday, 15 December at S. Francis House, Greys Avenue, Auckland. This was originally the house of a women's community, the Order of the Good Shepherd, but more recently it has

belonged to the Auckland City Mission. Brother Michael Thomas had already, in little more than a fortnight, done a magnificent job in preparing the house for us to live in. Brother Raymond immediately took over the running of the kitchen and Brother Colin the sacristy. On the Thursday following the Bishop of Auckland presided at a service in the cathedral to welcome the brothers and to license us to work in the diocese.

For a while before Christmas our tertiary, David Bindon, was staying with us and helping in the house. On Christmas Day the brothers were delighted to be asked to have dinner with the Roman Catholic Franciscans at Hillsborough. We had a happy time with the Friars Minor, and appreciate the friendly welcome they have given us here.

Our arrival in Auckland in mid-December was preceded by a two months' programme of retreats, visits to twenty parishes or so, and meetings with the Third Order, and with our Companions and friends at Christchurch, Dunedin, Wellington, Palmerston North, Tauranga and Waipukurau, as well as in Auckland. In this all the brothers shared and it gave us all an opportunity to see something of this attractive country. For the generosity of our hosts and hostesses, for the warm welcome we received in the many places we visited, and for the kindness of the Bishop, the Auckland City Mission Staff, and all who in various ways have helped us to settle in our new home, we give thanks.

S.S.F. is the first Anglican community for men to reside in New Zealand. We are sad that the sisters of the Community of the Holy Name, who showed us much kindness, have had to leave their house at Remuera to return to their mother house in Melbourne. We are encouraged by the prayers of so many people in this country for the development of the religious life here. In Auckland we shall be working in co-operation with the City Mission, but in exactly what way we have yet to discover. Please pray for us as we try to find out what particular work God wants us to do.

Before the winter months set in, we had
AMERICAN PROVINCE our first visit from our new Bishop
 Protector, the Right Reverend Paul
 Moore, Jr., who came to Little Portion to receive the Life Vows
 of Brother Mark Francis S.S.F., on the 17 of November. It was a
 lovely sunny day, with many guests, including of course and quite
 happily, Brother Mark's parents from North Carolina. They drove
 up just for the occasion, and stayed for a few days afterwards. Still
 with us, were our two lovely Sisters from Compton Durville, Sister
 Mary Catherine and Sister Cecilia. That very day, after the profession
 dinner, they left for J.F.K. Airport to fly back to England. We
 didn't let them go easily, and all hope they will return someday.

That same afternoon, after the Sisters' departure, Brother Illtyd
 from the Pacific Province's Friary in Brisbane came to stay with us

for nearly a week. We tried to make him feel at home (he is Welsh) by arranging for a picture of the Investiture of Prince Charles of Wales to be hung in the bedroom he was to occupy. He seemed most delighted with it.

Earlier in the summer of 1969, our novices went to pay a call on a Roman Catholic community of Third Order Regular Franciscans, the Order of S. Francis (who are primarily teaching friars) at Oyster Bay, Long Island. On 29 November we received a return visit from them, led by Brother Jude O.S.F., their novice master. There were no scheduled events or seminars but just a day of good fellowship and fun.

The major event in December, before Christmas, was Brother Frank going to Miami to join the friars down there. There are now five friars in Miami, and they are doing a fine job of witness for Christ in the ever-changing and extremely varied City ghettos and its parishes. We miss them very much, but know that they are doing a valuable job for God, that of being a loving family.

Christmas at Little Portion is always a hub-bub of activity. The midnight eucharist was celebrated by Paul, our Provincial, with a short homily. Brother Robert went to the Poor Clare Convent, and celebrated the midnight mass. We had many guests and all enjoyed punch and fruit cake afterwards.

Early in January, both Brother Michael and Brother Christopher arrived from England, to be here for Brother Allan, Brother Andrew Paul, and Brother Chad Allen's first profession. Brother Andrew had come up from Miami after Christmas and was able to stay with us for about ten days. The same day as the profession, a bus load of friars went again to Oyster Bay for some O.S.F. professions, of novices we know from there.

Then on the 15 of January, Brother Blair Martin was clothed as a novice in our Society. He had many friends come, and some local teenagers brought along their guitars and we had a guitar-folk mass, using the *Hymnal for Young Christians*.

All throughout December and January, Brothers Paul, Lawrence and Philip Leonard have been getting their inoculations for the trip to New Guinea for the First Order Chapter. Brother Philip left Little Portion on 7 January to become the Minister General's secretary, and travel with him on his last world tour.

Brother Paul and Brother Lawrence left on the 18 and 19 January respectively first for San Francisco where Brother Paul was to do some

work with the Sisters of the Transfiguration. He also hoped to see Bishop Kilmer Myers, of San Francisco, and to have a conference with him.

Brother Lawrence will be staying in the Pacific Province for six months, to do some work there, and be a part of the exchange programme the American Province hopes the S.S.F. as a whole will continue as we grow to become one Franciscan family ; no matter how great the distances. Brother Paul, when he returns at the beginning of Lent, will bring with him Brother Kabay who is from the Torres Straits Islands. He will be with us for about six months, returning to the Pacific to begin a work in Guadalcanal in the summer.

The Novitiate continues to prosper under Brother Robert's able direction and counsel. And our guesthouse at Little Portion seems like it will sometimes burst its seams. On weekends, groups of teenagers come for conferences and retreats and just to be part of our family. And during the week and on alternate weekends, we have individual guests.

Our brothers in New York City, at the Church of the Ascension, Brooklyn, are doing very well. Brother Joel attends Mercer School of Theology in Garden City, L.I., and works in the parish with the many young people of the area. Brother Allan, aside from a case of very colorful chickenpox, and slight diversions of nurturing tropical fish in the Ascension Rectory, continues his course at S. Barnabas' Home for Children in New York City. This is instruction and on-the-job practice for the very important work of child care.

We look forward to hearing about the deliberations of our First Order Chapter, and the return of our Brothers from afar. We also hope and pray that Brother David, when he retires from his office as Minister General might be permitted to return to his home in the American Province at Little Portion. He has so very much to give to us, and without him, our loving union and growth as a Franciscan family in Christ would not be possible.

Miami is America's newest big city. In 1895 there were only three houses
MIAMI in what was then Fort Dallas, a military outpost used during the Seminole Indian wars of the 1830's. Therefore, it is understandable that we friars are fairly unstructured, and pioneering our ministry in the gateway to Latin America.

Since the summer, our great Miami friend Paul Reeves has been consecrated co-adjutor of the Diocese of Georgia. Brothers Barnabas and Andrew were able

to attend his consecration in Savannah on their drive down from Little Portion. Brother Adam missioned at S. Francis', Greenville, South Carolina, on his way down. Brother Anthony flew down in mid-October bringing our number up to four. Brother Frank arrived mid-December and the five of us felt we could stand tall to sing, 'Hail, Hail, the gang's all here !'.

Brother Adam spent the month of November in the Diocese of Dallas, spending a lot of the time with our tertiary, Father Bob Samuelson and his Mexican-American parish in McKinney, Texas. In his absence, Brother Stephen returned to Florida to supplement our household. Brother Anthony is our 'home-maker' and brings to our home his extensive experience of life, of community, and is an example to us of a life of devotion, fidelity, love and patience. Brother Barnabas is our continually-employed brother, teaching at S. Stephen's parochial school, Coconut Grove. Brother Andrew returned to Little Portion for profession in January and returned to us with the latest news of goings-on in New York friar life. Brother Frank has begun work at Youth Hall, the detention center in Miami. All the friars have done a considerable amount of preaching/talking within the Miami area and we are grateful for the welcome, not only from church authorities, but from many other sources.

Thanksgiving time came during warm but cloudy weather and we were remembered extravagantly by many churches and people. A lot of the canned food, frozen foods and fruit were given to the migrant workers around Miami, and to other families in need. We were given many gifts by our friends at Christmas for which we were very grateful. Christmas in Miami was the time when we all felt a bit strange wishing one another Happy Christmas under warm, sunny skies, flanked by royal and coconut palm trees, and blooming poinsettias.

Fine Art

Fine art is that in which the hand, the head, and the heart of man go together.

Not only is there but one way of *doing* things rightly, but there is only one way of *seeing* them, and that is seeing the whole of them.

JOHN RUSKIN, *The Two Paths*.

A mere copier of nature can never produce anything great.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, *Discourses*.

The Importance of Aboriginal Art

IN Australia in recent years a great deal of attention has been focussed on the Aborigines, and most people feel genuine concern for the plight in which so many members of this proud and sensitive race now find themselves. There is no doubt that many are living in squalor and hopelessness, and to those people interested in their welfare the task of rehabilitation seems in some cases so difficult as to be almost impossible.

There is much discussion as to the various injustices inflicted by white men on the Aborigines, which have brought about this sorry state of affairs. Their tribal lands were taken from them, their tribal life disorganised ; they were often treated with actual cruelty, and their education and housing problems were neglected.

All these things undoubtedly occurred. However, probably the worst wrong committed against the Aborigine was the complete and utter rejection of his culture. His most sacred beliefs were regarded as quaint superstition ; his wisest laws—which had taken thousands of years to bring to perfection—were dismissed as ignorance ; his hard-learned skills were thought to be practically useless ; his beautiful songs, which few people ever took the trouble to translate, were looked on as gibberish ; the dancing and mime of his corroborees appeared incomprehensible and savage. As for his artistic skill, this was considered to be practically non-existent.

He was completely stripped of all racial pride. Generations of people have been born, lived out their lives and died in the utter hopelessness of knowing that they belonged to a race dismissed as inferior to most other races. It would be almost impossible for a sensitive person to overcome this terrible burden of inferiority. That many Aborigines have done so is evidence of their strength of character.

Now at long last the picture is changing and the beautiful and fascinating culture of the Aborigines is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated throughout the world. The Aborigine is recognised as occupying a place not at the bottom, but very high in the human scale. This is due in large part to the success of the Aboriginal artists of Arnhem Land, in the north of Australia, whose paintings on sheets of bark in traditional style have received the highest praise when shown in some of the great art centres of the world.

Some of the world's finest artists pay tribute to them, including Picasso, who is reported to have written to an Arnhem Land artist,

saying 'What I have been trying to do all my life, and not succeeding, you are doing'.

While this appreciation comes too late for so many, it is not too late for those Aborigines of today who can be given a new self-respect if they realise that as a race they have made an important contribution to world culture, of which they can justly be proud.

Indeed, all Australians, regardless of colour, can benefit from a knowledge of Aboriginal culture. The Aborigines, in their natural way of life, have lived in close and intimate contact with the land in a way that very few white people have ever done. All natural features, the rivers and mountains, the rocks, trees and earth, the birds and animals, have meaning for them, and have countless stories to tell to trained eyes and ears. All this is expressed in their folk-lore, art and music. Through these, all Australians can find a close bond with their country—with the land itself—which would not otherwise be possible.

Instead of feeling that we are part of a new country which started with the coming of the white man, we feel we are part of an ancient land, with an ancient culture which has been going on for thousands of years.

That the artistic skill of the Aborigines was for so long unappreciated was due to various factors. Firstly, the art of primitive peoples was not regarded in the same light as that of the more sophisticated races, until, with the modern movement in art, artists seeking more real values began to look for inspiration to primitive art, with its vigour, simplicity and sincerity. Secondly, much of the art of the Aborigines was executed for secret ceremonial purposes, and was either hidden or destroyed after use; the materials used were mostly of a perishable nature, while the more permanent rock carvings were usually situated in places inaccessible to most white people.

Much of the decorative art of the Aborigines which was seen by the white man was deceptively simple. In fact, the great beauty of Aboriginal art lies in the ingenious arrangements of simple shapes. Geometric patterns, incised or painted on weapons, artifacts or ceremonial objects, seemingly restricted to a few lozenges, zig-zags or spirals, were often derived from highly stylised animal or plant forms, and displayed an amazing variety of designs. Patterns consisting of arrangements of lines and concentric circles perhaps told the story of a journey, or described a locality, and were often beautiful examples

of simple and free design, much more in accord with modern design than with the stiff and precise ornament current in Europe in the nineteenth century.

Aboriginal rock carvings (many of which are to be seen in the Sydney area) are usually rather crude outlines of animals or humans, and give a very different impression from the less accessible but much more complicated and inventive paintings, in earth colours, on the walls of caves and rock shelters, portraying mostly animals and mythological beings. Incising outlines on rock surfaces is a slow process, and gives no scope for the suppleness of hand and wrist which enables an Aboriginal artist to produce such beautiful line drawings using the crudest of brushes and materials.

Fragile ritual objects, composed largely of strings of small coloured feathers, appeared in great variety. Ground drawings based mainly on complicated spiral and circular patterns, were prepared for ceremonies but were soon obliterated after use. Ochres and feathers were used in the decoration of the body for various purposes; a field which provided great scope for the ingenuity of the artists.

Though a few bark paintings have been collected from other parts of Australia, it is in Arnhem Land that this branch of Aboriginal art has developed to its fullest extent. Artists in this area have retained strong ties with tribal tradition, and the missions in the area, while providing a market for the sale of the work, have taken great care in preventing outside influences from causing a break in the continuity of traditional style and materials. With the increased output, many artists have achieved a high degree of technical skill.

The paintings are done on sheets of bark, previously flattened over a fire and scraped smooth. The pigments used are natural ochres, clay and charcoal, sized with the sticky juice of a plant, and applied with brushes made from frayed stick, feathers or human hair.

Subjects painted include sacred tribal stories and legends, totem animals, plants or natural features, and traditional designs. Every part of the design has some meaning or significance. The main figures of the design are drawn in simple outlines, and the rest of the surface of the bark is often filled with cross-hatching or geometric patterns, which represent other supporting details of the story being told.

Articles now being produced for sale include faithful reproductions of traditional carved figures and other objects, which have some ritual or tribal significance. Carved animals, fish and birds, which have no particular ceremonial use, may portray the totem animal of the artist.

Aboriginal art does not belong only in museums, along with curios from other lands and the handcrafts of past civilisations. It is the living vital art of our land, and should be given a place in the daily lives of Australian people. In Australia we have the most fascinating native culture of any country in the world, and there is endless pleasure in store for us as we learn more about it.

Unfortunately, with the rapid advance of civilisation, the traditional art of the Aborigines cannot be expected to survive in unadulterated form for very long, but while it does survive we can gain much enjoyment and benefit from a study of this unique and important contribution to world art.

M. H. HAINES.

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Further reading : Australian Aboriginal Rock Art, F. D. McCarthy ; Australian Aboriginal Decorative Art, F. D. McCarthy. Both titles published by the Australian Museum, Sydney, and obtainable from that address.

Pictures at another Exhibition : A Show at the Museum of Modern Art

I

From suffering and goodness
A beauty shall be born
More perfect than that
Which came from proportion
It's snowing I burn and I shiver

Guillaume Apollinaire
Les collines

MOUSSORGSKY did it, so I guess it can be done : to speak intelligently, I mean, of achievements in a field of whose techniques and conventions one knows practically nothing, to appreciate by reaction rather than by analysis. If I watch a loaf of bread baking or hear a familiar piece of music, I am 'inside' what is going on because the skills are my own ; no matter how deeply a painting affects me, I am outside it since I do not paint.

How fortunate then to find an exhibition of paintings and sculptures whose roots are my roots, which express men's consciousness in the time and culture which formed my consciousness as a child. The Museum of Modern Art in New York called its exhibition of last summer 'The New American Painting and Sculpture: The First Generation'. It comprised works of those painters who, in the late forties and early fifties, broke American art free from its near-colonial dependence on European schools and movements; an American who grew up in those years will recognize himself and his *milieu* in these works, and, more important, be able to transmit his consciousness to a non-American audience. Perhaps a lack of technical knowledge will help me to evoke what these works mean to at least one American.

A painter would laugh to hear himself called a revolutionary or a prophet; no, he is a painter, and one title is enough. Yet this group of artists had a revolutionary effect, and in many of their concerns one sees, twenty years later, a prefiguring of changes in attitude which were to come after. They were alienated before the word became fashionable. In the boundless optimism of postwar America they had no part. The ethical and economic superiority which we accepted as readily as the color of our eyes, our naïve scientism and implicit faith in technology, the plastic vision of chrome—glittering, odorless, mass-media earthly paradise: all these things seemed as dangerously totalitarian to them as they do today to a growing, articulate movement in the American people. In the postwar period, however, they were the chief and organizing myths which gave us direction for our lives; and painters, no less than prophets, deal with myth, with perceptions which are grasped rather than deduced.

So, even before my tour begins, it is important to remember that Jackson Pollock's *Echo* is not a picture of echoes; it is echoes. Barnett Newman's *The Voice* is not Newman's interpretation of what a voice 'means' to him; it is voice made visible. These paintings are true if we can grasp them without trying to interpret; otherwise, we see them as pretentious and silly.

II

... go home on foot

To sleep among your totems from Oceania and Guinea

They are Christs of another shape another belief

The lesser Christs of obscure hopes

Apollinaire
Zone

We are not conscious of our mental processes as we are of breathing, so we do not realize that myths, symbols, totems are as necessary to us as air. As we walk through the museum's forbidding steel-and-glass façade, our attention is diverted to a smaller exhibition of twentieth-century works, mostly French, from the Rockefellers' collection. In the Matisse drawings, in several Jean Arp sculptures, particularly in a large Picasso interior with a seated girl, we are struck by the happy and effortless marriage of flesh and spirit. How strongly the point is made that the artist's subject is symbol of itself and needs no further justification, except as an exercise in mass and color ; the Picasso painting, in particular, is bound together by almost imperceptible green shadows which unify a boldly unorthodox construction in yellow, white, and purple. How joyful these works are, for all their sensuality how innocent, and how un-American. For our minds are dualist. If we Americans accept flesh, we are either clinical or pornographic, and in either case always slightly guilty about it ; we see spirit in logical and mathematical terms, and prefer to express it in hard, shiny words and materials—our cold towers of glass and steel are a perfect case in point.

Matter—flesh—becomes acceptable to us if it is made into a vessel of myth, the 'totem' of Apollinaire's poem. It gains esteem by its association with an intellectual or spiritual truth. We go upstairs and begin our wanderings with the works of a man who wrestled with myth and the mode of its expression throughout his creative life : Jackson Pollock, acknowledged the giant among the painters of his time.

To follow chronologically the evolution of Pollock's style in the paintings displayed here is instructive. The earliest, *Animals and Figures* (1942), is clearly derivative of Mirò in the technique of its draftmanship ; its subject is, to a lesser degree, reminiscent of Chagall. Although clearly an immature work, it shares with all of Pollock a strong subjective appeal on the viewer. We do not have to try to read ourselves into these paintings ; they draw us in. *The She-Wolf* (1943), while more independent technically, is the most overtly mythic of these paintings. Clearly representational, it has a hard, almost bronzy surface backed with naked canvas, which gives it a monumental air. Romulus and Remus ? Dante's she-wolf ? or perhaps, like the preceding painting, a longing for the closer union of man with his animal roots. In any case, it is an extraordinarily powerful work.

Now, through a few of the transitional paintings. *Full Fathom Five* at first glance seems to have abandoned representation, until we notice the title card. It is in fact a very literal and amusing collection of sea wrack ; coins, buttons, cigarettes, a key and other things are strewn over the canvas. Their sea-changes are effected in blue paint, perhaps as a gentle protest against the then (1947) already polluted state of our waters, and rather obviously as an invitation to reflect on our ideas of the sea as compared to the classical conceptions.

Pollock still clings to a non-representational technique encumbered with representational titles, as *Sounds in the Grass : Shimmering Substance* (1946). In 1948 he begins his numbered paintings, experiments, rather cautious at first, in textures and shapes allowed to drip, the oils often forming patterns like those of marble paper. In these, his mature style first appears, and an inkling of what was to come. The paintings become less symbolic of objects, more of action and expression. Finally (1950), Pollock painted the famous *Number 31*, such an important breakthrough that he retitled it *One*. It is a huge canvas (nine feet by seventeen) covered with swirls and splashes of paint. The painting is still mythic, but the material, so far from being a bronze monument or collection of figures, is action itself ; not an 'expression' of motion, but motion precariously stabilized on canvas. This one painting has been influential enough to have given its technique as a misleading name for all the painters of this period : 'action painters'. Pollock's paintings after this date are all variations on this theme ; in leaving this room, most viewers would find *Echo* (1951) particularly memorable. On white canvas, it is a composition of repeated coils of varying tightness, exuberant : it has about it the feel of highly ornamented harpsichord music, its lightness and joy.

The other painters at this exhibition are not so complex in their evolution as Pollock ; each has a single style which remains fairly constant in the works exhibited. Their techniques differ widely, yet they seem to share with each other a concern for highly abstracted expression combined with an extreme subjective appeal. At a time when concreteness and objectivity prevailed in American society as never before, these paintings stand out boldly from their cultural surroundings. It is good to keep that in mind as we view them ; but we can be a bit more relaxed than with Pollock.

Franz Kline is good to start with ; his paintings have the motion to which Pollock has accustomed us. Kline is no imitator, however ;

he has a terse, virile expression which is his own completely. The exuberance of Pollock is replaced in these unrelieved black-and-whites by discipline. In such paintings as *Chief* (1950) and *Figure 8* (1952), motion is present indeed, but 'classicized'. The paintings remind us uncannily of the severe but beautifully free calligraphy of the Japanese Zen masters. A further Zen affinity: we look at an arrangement of black forms and are excited by its dynamic balance—one paradox. Then we glance at the title card: *White Forms* (1955).

Superficially similar to Kline in technique are the paintings of Robert Motherwell; they are built of a few rough black strokes on white. Yet Motherwell is more concrete, his metaphor more static, and his titles make his work nearly representational. In the series of *Elegies to the Spanish Republic* (1957—67) there are vaguely architectural forms, quite square in general outline; they seem almost a throwback to the perspective drawings of the Italian fifteenth century. Lately Motherwell has experimented with color: his *Open, Number 24 in Variations of Orange* is precisely that, although the squarish forms are still there (1968).

We will find some relief from black and white in the paintings of Barnett Newman. The price we must pay is a severely abstracted style. Most of Newman's paintings on exhibit here are large canvases of a single solid color with a single vertical stripe. True, *Vir Heroicus Sublimis* (1950—51) has five stripes, but it is nearly eighteen feet long. More than any others, these paintings must be grasped quickly and not interpreted; we either perceive their meaning instantly, or do not perceive it at all. My personal favorite among the paintings is *The Voice*. It is very nearly an eight-foot square of grayish off-white; about a foot or two from the right hand side there extends a narrow vertical stripe of purer white. That is all, and it seems ridiculous; yet there is rightness about it, and great strength. For those who have eyes to see it, it is not an attempt to depict a voice; it is voice.

Mark Rothko has produced a number of paintings somewhat similar to Newman's in that they exhibit rectangular constructions. However, Rothko's rectangles are anything but severe. They are soft and blurred at the edges, their colors vibrate with each other, and they balance perfectly in a brush technique so light that it is difficult to believe that these paintings are oils. These are my favorite paintings at the exhibition, and the last ones I will take you to see. They are among the most subjective of the abstractions here: not as demanding as

Kline or Newman, but extraordinarily rich ground for radical introspection. Rothko's paintings arrange themselves into landscapes touched with nostalgia and a sense of lost innocence, yet seem charged with hope. If one must be singled out, for me it is *Number 10* (1950), a composition of blue and yellow on varied gray.

We have finished now with the paintings. I have taken you to see only those to which I reacted strongly, because those were the only ones about which I could say anything and mean it. I have purposely avoided the sculptures, since two dimensions in a medium I do not really understand are enough without adding another. Still, on the way out, my eyes are caught by Seymour Lipton's *Sanctuary* (1953). It is a small sculpture, made of overlapping curved sheets of metal, enclosing a hollow in the center. The title is apt; the work conveys a sense both of protection and of space somehow made holy. As I go out toward the sculpture garden, I suddenly become aware again of the people all around me, and I begin thinking.

III

And each one searched within himself for the miraculous child

Apollinaire

Un fantôme de nuées

The museum's walls enclose a space outdoors in the center. This is used as a sculpture garden. It is filled with people, and the water splashes in the low fountain, continually changing form. The severity of the museum's interior and my preoccupation with those difficult paintings kept me from noticing the people. Here I cannot help it. A hippie-looking couple come up and ask me what I'm writing in my notebook. They talk to me for a while and give me a stick of gum. Their names are Tom and Gloria. Other people around; some walking slowly, a gray-haired couple talking and smiling at each other, a nervous man smoking a cigarette, and two girls cooling their feet in the water of the fountain whose jets keep splashing gently and changing their form. There is a Paris métro entrance done in wrought iron in art nouveau style, very florid. It makes me think of the ugliness of the subways I ride. A little boy with a red hat on is playing with a toy car near the basin of the fountain splashing and changing its form. It suddenly occurs to me that he and the fountain are both in the sculpture gardens because both, in their own ways, are sculptures. The jets of the fountain each have a separate sort of personality; though their shapes change, each seems to be following an inner

pattern which differentiates it from the others. The little boy, too, is like the sculptures : the expression of a vision which lies somewhere inside and stays constant, though its expression may change.

I think of those painters, too. At a time when all that Americans seemed to care about were things outside themselves, these men looked inside at their feelings and made paintings which answered on a very deep level to the same feelings inside other people. The paintings encourage all those people to look inside themselves for a while and use the meaning of themselves to fill up the squares of canvas. And I think that may be their value, because if you look long enough and deep enough inside yourself, you find Christ who was there all the time. Maybe the paintings will help them to find that out—Tom and Gloria, the nervous man, the little boy with the car, and all the rest of the people here. Of course it will take time. But it's getting late now, and I have to go home and make supper. As I turn to leave, I hear behind me the water splashing in the fountain, forever changing its form.

LONG ISLAND.

ALLAN S.S.F.

Eastern Orthodox Art

I SUPPOSE it all began about ten years ago, rather suspiciously near the time when even the vast quantities of Victoriana were drying up on the interior decorators and suppliers of *objets d'art* to Sunday supplement readers. *Art Nouveau* was then just a little too recent to attract any but the most discriminating, and things eastern were just returning to fashion. So it was that the 'discovery' of icons was made. They were not of course new things to England, for there were a few in the V. and A., and since the hey-day of Anglican-Orthodox relations in the 1930's quite a number were hanging around in churches and private collections.

Today, icons are *in*, and one that would have brought £5—£10 in 1950 would cost you nearer £100 in 1970. You can even find galleries in London that specialise in them, and little books for the layman with coloured illustrations, and to have an icon on the wall is the sign of a person with just the 'right' taste. The icon has about it

both the mysteriousness of possessing the thing eastern with the broad-mindedness of displaying the thing Christian that puts the owner in that top bracket.

What are these mysterious things that can raise great passions in the modern Orthodox, great prices in the sale rooms, and which have historically caused some extremely bloody battles and assassinations and made and unmade Emperors and Patriarchs? Icons are simply paintings on wood, but that is not the end of it. The methods, materials and use of icons are closely bound up with the whole life of the Orthodox Church, and every detail is laid down in custom or writing, and is usually followed implicitly.

The precursors of the Christian icon were almost certainly the portraits painted in wax-bound colours on thin pieces of wood and fixed to the coffin-lid in hellenistic Egypt. The techniques of applying colour and shadow and the emphasis on the eyes are very similar.

The Alexandrian church probably employed the funerary artists to decorate their churches, and the style was transferred and perpetuated through the ages right down to 1970.

Traditionally icons are only painted on well-seasoned lime, birch, alder, cypress or oak, and only after the painter has prepared himself thoroughly by fasting, confession and communion, and by meditating on the subject of the icon. The actual process of painting is considered a work of prayer. The panel is prepared for use by having two cleats inserted into the back to prevent it from warping, and sometimes the centre is hollowed slightly to take the painting. The wood is either covered with a thin layer of linen or canvas before the paint is applied, or sometimes with a thin layer of plaster gesso (perhaps to simulate the plastered wall of the Church).

‘Icons are prayers enshrined in wood’, says Nicholas Zernov in his book *Eastern Christendom*. And indeed the whole process of producing an icon is surrounded by prayer, the mixing of the pigments, the applying of the colours and gold, and the final ‘varnishing’ with linseed oil. It is all so different from any form of western art, or the usages of western artists since at least the time of Giotto, that from the Renaissance to the beginning of this century Orthodox art was considered barbaric, and decadent barbaric at that. It was only with the liberation of Western art from photographic realism that the icon

began to be recognised as having any value, and it was only after the cleaned and restored icons of Russia began to be exhibited in the 1920's that it was realised as great art.

The general impression of an icon is austere, the figures are stiff and awkward, the anatomy is wrong, disjointed limbs and misshapen bodies. The overall effect however is 'right'. You somehow do not notice that the arm of the Christ child in an icon of Our Lady of Vladimir must be about four feet long to get where it does around her neck, you only notice, as you are meant to, the tenderness of that gesture. Realism plays little or no part in the scheme of things for the icon painter. To paint S. John Chrysostom, he paints, within the traditions of his subject, the great bishop with the golden tongue, not to be possibly confused with any old man with a beard. If the subject is to be Our Lord, then it is to be God Incarnate. The Christ Pantocrator which dominates many Orthodox churches is Power and Majesty personified, God come to earth.

By using his traditional methods, following the canons and customs in technique and style, the icon painter, whether monk, nun or layman is taking part in a process very much other than that of merely producing a religious picture. Icons have a great past, and it would seem an expensive, if secular, future. The icon is so surrounded by the events of history that they have changed its very nature and significance. To begin with of course, the icon *was* just a picture. A reasonable enough gratification of the desire to know what the saints looked like. The secular style was skilfully adapted, the lips thinned, the nose elongated, and such prominence given to the eyes that they stared at the beholder from a lean and ascetic face. They were painted on church walls, and later made portable. From the beginning of their popularity until the eighth century they were an unquestioned part of the life of the Church in the Eastern empire.

It was towards the end of the seventh century that opposition to the depiction of the Christ began to grow, particularly amongst the monophysites, who minimised the human part of the Incarnation. These, with other groups, attempted to classify icons along with idols as 'graven images'. The Iconoclastic controversies raged in the East for over two centuries, first one side gaining the upper hand, then another. It was not until 843 that Orthodoxy finally won the day, and to mark the victory a great feast was held in honour of icons, which is still kept as 'The Feast of Orthodoxy'.

The main result of the controversies was a passionate devotion to the cult of icons amongst the ordinary orthodox worshipper, and they became involved with every part of his life ; not only church, but bedroom, kitchen, byre and stable all had their icon. To the theologians, however, the controversies were the opportunity for stating the positive position and value of icons. John of Damascus wrote ' On Icons '.

' Of old God the incorporeal and uncircumscribed was not depicted at all. But now that God has appeared in the flesh and lived among men, I make an image of the God who can be seen. Matter I do not worship, but *through* it I worship its creator, who for my sake became material and deigned to dwell in matter, and who through matter effected my Salvation '.

John is beginning that process of thought about icons which ends with the almost Teilhardian concept of matter, personified by the icon, which Nicholas Zernov gives

' The (icons) are not merely suitable decorations for the centres of worship ; they are not even regarded as a means of visual instruction. To the Orthodox, they reveal the ultimate purpose of creation, to be the temple of the Holy Spirit ; and they manifest the reality of that process of transfiguration of the cosmos which began on the day of Pentecost and which is gradually extending to all sides of earthly life '.

(*Eastern Christendom.* pp. 276—7).

With the triumph of the icon as a legitimate symbol of the Saviour and the saints, they multiplied to a great degree, and in Church were given all the customary signs of veneration, the use of incense, kissings and genuflexions, and lights. The seventh General Council (Nicea, 787) ordered icons to be kept in churches and venerated in the same way as the book of the gospels and the ' wood of the precious and life-giving cross '.

As the churches began to fill with icons they also received the function of deputising for the saint they were meant to represent in an earthly reproduction of the Communion of Saints in each church. The Orthodox worshipper found himself at the Holy Liturgy to be surrounded by the ' great cloud of witnesses ', on the walls, in the apse, and the most important icons of all, fixed to the screen (rather like an open jacobean chancel screen) which stood between the Heavenly

Jerusalem (the sanctuary) and the earthly Jerusalem (the nave). By the fifteenth century so many icons had become attached to the screen, that it was a solid wall of paint across the Church, pierced only by a few doors for the clergy to gain access to the sanctuary. This solid screen is the 'iconostasis' in which each icon has its predetermined position. It would not be such a bad thing if we learned to make icons for our time and culture. Not necessarily pictures, but objects of some kind that were created in prayer, and symbolised the glory of matter inhabited by the Spirit of God, that would incite others to thought and prayer.

FABIAN S.S.F.,
Novice.

Architecture and Society today— One Predicament

MANY people spend a great deal of time at the moment anxiously concerned with the state of traditional values in the world today. Their concern probably develops out of belief in, for example, respect for authority, adherence to an accepted code of behaviour, freedom within defined limits and so on. Such beliefs are the commonly accepted characteristics of a stable, homogeneous society whose development, slow perhaps, would be by a process of evolution rather than revolution. And such are the beliefs which seem increasingly to be rejected.

People also find, no doubt, many a moment to pass comment on the state of the environment, especially in cities. They might be the first to criticise much modern building. I wonder how many of these people who ponder so deeply erupting ideas in a changing society make the connection between 'society' and 'architecture' and appreciate that the predicament of society is in some ways the predicament which faces architects. Architects are the makers of order; their role is to create form from chaos. But the disorder which we find around us is abundant evidence of their failure. It is a visual disorder which makes itself felt because it is lacking in style. It often

lacks a coherent language with a vocabulary people can understand ; it often lacks a consistency which people can recognise ; it often seems to lack a spirituality through which people could be enriched and their perception deepened ; it often seems to lack a confidence in the future for which it is providing, and thus the work itself lacks strength. These are the characteristics of disorder in architecture. How alike they are to the characteristics of a disordered society is striking.

Functionalism, the design philosophy of the modern movement in architecture, has replaced an architectural tradition which in origin was highly ordered. Alberti, the rigorous academic and architect of renaissance Florence could define the art of architecture with a dogmatism that is enviable. Drawing on Roman precedent he saw a work of architecture as standing upon a tripod whose three supports represented the three cardinals ' Firmness, Commodity and Delight '. The confidence with which this definition could be drawn reflects a genuine and energetic confidence which actually existed in fifteenth century Florence. But the confidence of that society is reflected even better in the buildings themselves. ' Firmness ', the structure, and ' Commodity ' the convenience of use, are clear enough to us today. ' Delight ' presented no problem either for the Orders of Architecture derived from the ancient buildings of Greece and Rome supplied a ready made vocabulary of forms and proportions to suit any kind of building. The palaces and public buildings erected during this time, as much as the paintings and sculpture, are a standing source of inspiration to us today. Significantly while society in western Europe retained a stability, it was this classical tradition and the invariable use of the ' True Orders of Architecture ' which prevailed. Some of the first buildings in this country erected during the years of pre-industrial peace in the eighteenth century—those fine Queen Anne houses, those Georgian masterpieces like Blenheim Palace—were built using the classical orders as a frame of reference. Indeed the consistency of Georgian London right up until the Nash developments in 1811 testifies to the effectiveness of the style, a style which was no more than the application of a system of proportions onto the elevations of a building.

But it was to become an academic tradition and had to be superseded. During the nineteenth century not only were the demands of fashion (surely a hallmark of upheaval) proving too much as buildings drifted from classical to Gothic to Grecian to Byzantine, but the requirements

of the buildings themselves were growing increasingly complicated. In a post-industrial society completely new forms were becoming necessary. Functionalism was the most tremendous breakthrough—it was in its way a revolution—for it was a totally new philosophy based upon the kernel of the building, its use. And as a radical means of changing and enriching life for everyone equally it rose, as socialism rose, in the 1920's during a time of depression and idealism.

Now this relationship between social change and the new architecture is a continuous and a developing one from the 1930's right up to today. Then it was a time of unemployment, of insecurity, of economy, and yet it was also one of the most prolific cultural periods in our recent history. It was almost as if in desolation it was a time of promise. Certainly there was something about the stringency of conditions after the First World War, the need for economy coupled with the need to answer new requirements of a more fluid society, that found expression in the new philosophy. But it was not a confident period, and therefore no exuberance nor extroversion is to be found in the painting and sculpture or in the architecture of the time. What is significant is that the functionalist philosophy, in exalting the use of the building, is actually introverted. 'The plan is the generator !' proclaimed Le Corbusier ; the elevations are derived purely from the functions of the plan. By its very nature this means that the buildings of our time can conform to no 'style' for each is an individual answer to an individual problem.

Thus we see in architecture a very positive move from the objective to the subjective. It echoes a significant change in the make-up of society where the same thing has been happening. The homogeneity of structured social system with its upper and its lower class, its rich men and its servants has given way gradually to an unclassed society where individual worth and individual freedom are valued more highly than ever before. Indeed the whole tendency, for example, in education is towards the development of individual potential, towards the expansion of the individual personality.

No one can deny the immense progress which the functionalist approach to design has brought about. Scarcely any aspect of life is unaffected, for not only buildings but also furniture, machinery, household articles like crockery and cutlery, and of course typography and packaging, have been subjected to rigorous analysis and redesign. The problems have been tackled from the point of view of fundamental

criteria like workability, legibility, clarity, efficiency and comfort. The result is a great improvement in the order and the ease of the practical tasks which we perform. No one likewise would deny that the new opportunities for self-fulfillment and self-development open to young people today are of great benefit to each individual and that each can expect a happier and a longer life as a result. But neither individual problems nor individual people operate in quite such an isolated way as our designers or our educationists might hope.

Functionalism as a way of designing for living now and in the future will have failed if it goes no further than subjective problem-solving. What we are looking for is a language of form-making which is applicable at all scales, and for this we need a structure to organise the growth and change of our towns and our buildings. As the problems before us increase in complexity, technicality and size this will become all the more important. We shall not achieve this much, I think, while society itself is disseminated and organised only by individualist materialism. To find a structure to organise our environment needs a new structure for our society.

CAMBRIDGE.

RICHARD AMES-LEWIS.

Art of New Guinea

CIRCA Sixteenth Century, a monk named Dionysius wrote a 'Guide to Painting' in which he states that the Creation of Adam ought to be represented thus : ' Adam, young, beardless, upright, naked. In front of him the Eternal Father, surrounded by brilliant light, supports him with the left hand. All around, trees and different animals. Above, the sky with sun and moon '. Thus it is with a great deal of the art of New Guinea ; there is an iconographical dogma that is rigidly adhered to and is relevant to non-artistic aspects of the culture. In both Mediaeval and New Guinea culture the iconographic dogma is relevant to religion. In the case of the former, it refers to a supernatural cosmos presided over by a Creator-Father who is concerned for, and interacts with, His creation, primarily Man. In the latter it refers to a supernatural cosmos inhabited by the spirits

of ancestors, numerous and sundry spirits which are the animistic manifestations of natural phenomena, and the activities of mythological Beings that make up the corpus of oral tradition.

What is so striking about much New Guinea art is this close adherence to a type, often so close that to unpractised eyes it is impossible to distinguish the work of different artists. However, closer study reveals that in the majority of cases this is a false impression. Upon greater familiarity it becomes possible to note how individuality has expressed itself—a somewhat more rounded body in one figure than in another, the jaw set squarer in one than in another, a less careful application of paint, or deeper cuts, or more attenuated limbs, and so on. A very fine study of such differences is Gerbrand's 'Wow-Ipits' (1967 a), which deals with the art of eight Asmat artists of South-Western New Guinea. At the end of his absorbing account, he concludes that 'No two (individuals) will react to a given situation in exactly the same way, no matter how much of their behaviour pattern has been determined and formed by milieu and up-bringing . . . It is characteristic of the artist that this holds to a greater degree for him than for most of the other members of the community' (p. 163).

Even though there is a close adherence to the iconographical formulae, it is often difficult, sometimes impossible, to obtain satisfactory answers to questions about the meaning of the art, or the meaning of its many elements. The enquirer asks: 'Why is the bird sitting on the head of the man?' or 'What are these concentric circles?' and the informant replies: 'That is the way our forefathers have always done it and that is the way we always do it'. If pressed, informants generally come up with some sort of answer, but the determined enquirer may discover that there is wide variation in the meanings given to a particular element of the work; or, if there is some consensus at that level, the various elements may be given meanings that seem to bear little or no relationship to one another; or if the meanings of the elements do appear to have some consistency, the overall meaning may seem not to be relevant to the context in which the art is made and used.

For example, a spiral may be said to represent the tongue of a butterfly, or the curled foreleg of a lizard, or the eye of a man, or the tail-feather of a particular species of Bird-of-Paradise, thus there is no agreement on the meaning of the one element. In a particular design, two spirals may refer to the eyes of a man, a zig-zag to a snake, a diamond shape to the abdomen of a spider, a pair of large triangles

to the wings of a flying-fox, and so on, there being no apparent connection among these various meanings. Finally, an ordinary canoe paddle, made for everyday use, may have an ancestral figure carved at the handle end (Gerbrands 1967 a, plates 54, 56), or a clay food storage pot may be modelled with facial features representing a primaeval divinity (Schuster 1968, plate 70) ; what are these representations of the sacred doing on objects of profane use ?

The enquirer is forced, then, to the long, arduous, but frequently exciting task of coming to an understanding of the total culture so that the art may be understood. Just as it is impossible to fully appreciate the art of the Middle Ages without some knowledge of Christianity and its practice in those times, it is impossible to fully appreciate the art of New Guinea without coming to an understanding of the cultures of New Guinea, particularly the religious aspects of these cultures.

But the task is complicated by the fact that there are several hundred language-groups among the less than three million people of New Guinea, most of these language-groups exhibiting cultural features more or less distinct from those of their neighbours. These cultures incorporate not only different ways of interacting with the environment, and different systems of interaction between individuals, but also different modes of artistic expression. In one group, painting and sculpture may hardly be represented at all, whereas storytelling and theatrical performances may be highly developed. In another group, music, song and dance may be the major artistic form, to the neglect of drama and the visual arts. In yet another group, painting may be the primary visual art form and sculpture entirely absent.

Some of these differences may arise from the variety of environments in which these groups live, ranging from humid riverine and coastal swamps, to high, cold valleys ; from pleasant beaches and small islands, to incredible tangles of razor-back ridges and crashing torrents. Population densities range from as much as six hundred persons per square mile in the highlands where a high food yield is obtained from sweet-potato cultivation, to less than one person per square mile in the limestone plateaus and riverine swamps of Papua where only the results of hunting, gathering and a little sago-collecting sustain human life. Villages may therefore be capable of mobilising as many as a thousand persons or more, or as few as twenty or even less. The same extremes of variation may be found in the way cultures organise

relationships among individuals, and more particularly in the systems of magico-religious belief and practice. The variety is staggering.

But variety ought not to prevent us from noticing the similarities. One of the most common features of New Guinea societies is the expression of the male-female dichotomy. Birth, puberty and reproduction are significant events, involving females, that frequently excite a concentration of activity in the form of rituals, and these in turn foster a great deal of artistic activity. The New Guinea artist unequivocally represents the male in opposition to the female, even to the extent of representing male and female copulating; on the other hand representations occur—particularly in sculpture—of figures that are bi-sexual. Mostly, however, there is a more subtle representation of this dichotomy; although men feel threatened by females and may feel jealous of their sexual power, females figure prominently in creation myths and often constitute the founding Mother of the group. In some parts of the Sepik District, the main ridge-pole of the spirit-house is said to represent the phallus and it is crowned by carved objects that represent the aggressive, masculine principle; but the spirit-house itself is thought of as female. One researcher informs us that the carved figure of a hornbill, frequently depicted by the Abelam of the Sepik District, is a masculine symbol of aggressiveness, and has painted on it the symbol of the moon, which is female. ‘This form of carving has a specific place and purpose, being used as an essential decoration at the base of the facade of the ceremonial house, where its combination of male and female symbols echoes that of the house itself’ (Forge 1965, p. 30).

Another common characteristic of New Guinea cultures is the importance of the belief in the spirits of the ancestors. This is closely related to particular ideas about death and the after-life, and therefore every death in a community may be the opportunity for the renewed expression of these beliefs. This in turn may inspire a great deal of artistic activity. However, not only does death excite activities in relation to the dead, but also in relation to the living. For every death that occurs, it is necessary to find an adult replacement, otherwise the community is threatened by reduction of its membership. The surviving adults therefore induct children into adult status to fill the gaps left by the recent dead. Such inductions may involve rituals that simultaneously initiate new members into adult society and honour the recent dead. In New Ireland, a special type of carved and painted

mask is worn by dancers who lead recently-initiated, circumcised boys out of seclusion and back into normal life. Of one such occasion it is reported that : ' One old woman, unable to control her emotional outburst, rushed forward and placed her hands on the body of one of the (dancing) figures, wailing and calling upon it by names of deceased kinsmen '. Later, ' . . . the old woman walked beside them, talking appealingly, saying amongst other things : " Wait for me ; soon I too will come " '. (Lewis 1969, p. 118).

The Asmat of South-West New Guinea compensate for the death of an adult member of the community by killing an enemy. When a number of deaths have occurred in the community and when the group feels that it is possible to attack an enemy village with some likelihood of success, a ceremony takes place during which shields are made, bearing carved and painted designs that represent particular ancestors and which are given the names of those ancestors whose deaths are to be avenged. Similarly, certain tall poles are carved in the likeness of human figures representing dead ancestors and a ceremony takes place during which the participants promise to avenge their deaths.

The iconography is here most interesting, for although it appears that the meanings of the various elements of the work of art are not related, it turns out that they are. The most important achievement of the Asmat male is to take an enemy's head, and to bring the body back for food. The human body is represented in Asmat thought by a tree—man was originally created by Fumeripits bringing to life certain figures he carved from wood—and the dismembering of a human body for food is equivalent to the splitting of a sago tree to obtain the starchy pith. Further, the trees felled for the carving of the tall poles are attacked as though they were enemies, and it is significant that the sap of these trees is blood red. The carved poles represent war canoes with exaggerated prows which are a mass of named ancestral figures and headhunting symbols. Such symbols include the cannibalistic praying mantis ; the fruit-eating, i.e. ' head-taking ', cockatoo ; the tails of fruit-eating possums which represent the spiral nose ornaments of shell worn by headhunters ; and so on (Gerbrands 1967, a, b).

Among other peoples, such as live in the centre of New Guinea, around the headwaters of the Fly and Sepik Rivers, the art appears to have no function other than that of mere decoration, and there appears to be no unifying idea behind the great variety of meanings given to the various elements of the works. The art consists almost

entirely of two types of object : the warshield and the houseboard, the latter being a large surfboard-shaped plank fixed over the doorway so that a porthole at the bottom end allows access in and out of the house. Both types of object bear designs carved in relief and painted.

The Telefolmin, around the headwaters of the Sepik, regard the designs on warshields and houseboards as merely decorative. The designs have no total meaning but a number of meanings may be given for the one element by different persons, or even by the one person. The meanings embrace a wide range of referents in the natural world, including man. The Telefolmin also give their shields names, and attribute animistic characteristics to them : the shields quiver in anticipation of the fray ; they become light during attack ; they swell around the tip of an arrow to prevent penetration.

The Faiwolmin, around the headwaters of the Fly River, also name the shields and initiate them by firing arrows into them after they are made so that they will not be afraid when carried into a fight—a frightened shield would shake violently. The interpretation of the design elements are commonly anthropomorphic, and often approach a unitary anthropomorphic meaning. The shields are kept in the 'spirit-house' with ancestral skulls placed on the floor in front of them. The shields 'keep the skulls warm', and heat is power. Thus the shields may be thought of as representations of the ancestors and/or their power, although this is not stated explicitly by the Faiwolmin.

The houseboards of the Telefolmin may be attached to 'spirit-houses', men's 'club-houses', and family houses. Among the Faiwolmin they appear alone—or in conjunction with narrower carved and painted boards to form a decorative facade—on 'spirit-houses' and men's 'club-houses', but never on family houses. The Telefolmin keep ancestral relics (skulls, thighbones, etc.) in 'spirit-houses', men's 'club-houses', and family houses, but among the Faiwolmin they are kept in 'spirit-houses' and men's 'club-houses', but never in family houses.

The Telefolmin deny any significance for houseboards other than that of decoration. The Faiwolmin state that the house decorations promote the well-being of the taro crop, and that the people south of them have no house decorations 'because they have no enemies'. The houseboards may therefore be thought of as representations of the power of the ancestors, necessary for the well-being of the taro-crop

and for the preservation of life and of territory ; they are the visible sign of this power that emanates from the bones and other relics preserved within the house.

It is perhaps relevant that the Telefolmin are more ' sedentary ' than the Faiwolmin—more involved in pig husbandry and more tied to the village as a permanent base for daily activities. If there is an historical progression involved, it could be that as the network of face-to-face relationships became more permanent with increasing attachment to relatively permanent villages, concerns over status led to the attachment of houseboards to certain family houses, even when there were no ancestral relics kept inside by those particular families. Thus the boards left the category ' sacred ' and became ' profane '. But this is a guess.

Another kind of change is taking place in New Guinea today that is not merely shifting the significance of traditional art from ' sacred ' to ' profane ', but that is killing it altogether. The Arambak of the Karawari River, a southern tributary of the Sepik River, are famous for their peculiar carved wooden ' hook-figures '. The *kamanggabi* figures were produced mainly for religious purposes and provided symbols of unity, fertility and warmaking ability. ' With the advent of Europeans, the cessation of inter-village fighting and the opening up of opportunities to earn cash incomes through the timber trade, the conditions under which the *kamanggabi* were created ceased to exist. Today the Arambak have simply abandoned what they have no further use for ' (MPA 1960, p. 9).

This is regrettable indeed, for it seems that, for the time being, little worthwhile art is being produced out of these changed conditions in New Guinea. But there is hope, for change cannot be a novel experience for New Guinea societies—the wealth of variety among the traditional cultures is testimony to that. Only by looking at the art itself—and I urge readers to take every opportunity to do just that and not be content to leaf through the books listed below—can one grasp the wealth of variety that existed. However, as I have attempted to indicate, there are also striking consistencies, bred of common prehistoric origins and influences, similar environments, similar social problems, similar emotional problems. If the New Guinea artists' solutions to these problems in artistic terms are strange to us, the grief, the hope, the fears, the hate, the cunning, the terror have a common denominator in all mankind, in all times.

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There are a large number of general books on Melanesian art and a number of other books on specific areas. These may be located in libraries or in the bibliographies of some of the above works.

INSTITUTE OF FINE ARTS, NEW YORK UNIVERSITY.

24 December, 1969.

BARRY CRAIG.

Art

All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music.

Art comes to you proposing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake.

WALTER PATER, *The Renaissance*.

A picture has been said to be something between a thing and a thought.

SAMUEL PALMER.

Books

Inner Vision

Act of Love. By *Rosemary Haughton*. Geoffrey Chapman, 25s.

This book appears not to have been widely noticed on its publication in 1968, but it is very highly to be recommended. It is one of those books where the reader finds himself agreeing again and again as each point is made. It is all so sensible and so true. At the same time his understanding is immeasurably enlarged, as it opens his eyes to what he has always known in a sense, but could never have expressed so clearly.

Mrs. Haughton is concerned with the very essence of Christianity, which is the transformation of the whole of life through committing oneself to God through Christ. It is an experience which is hard to pin down, and virtually impossible to put into words. But she starts by analysing some biblical accounts of conversion, because a conversion-experience focusses the transformation on a moment of crisis, with a recognisable before and after. She then goes on to show how the same kind of experience—seeing life wholly new, involving a new pattern of behaviour—can be documented in non-religious contexts. She even gives Havelock Ellis's conversion *away from* Christianity. She compares the findings of psychologists of various schools. She also gives very telling examples from the novels of George Eliot, Henry James, Somerset Maugham and others. Some of these are simply the ageless experience of falling in love. But of course that is in fact the most common form of conversion, whereby a person goes out of himself to give himself in a life which has a new dimension, and which demands perseverance and fortitude

long after the original emotional impetus has subsided. By this time the reader is aware that Christianity is essentially a social expression of universal human experience, for which the historic person of Jesus Christ is central.

The thesis of the book is made more convincing by the observation that, although men may see that the act of love is the only way to fulfilment and to wholeness, they constantly try to wriggle out of the implications of it. It always involves risk, a leap into the dark. If they have had the experience of falling in love, they may try to hang on to the original experience and protect themselves from deeper exploration of the other. This, in the life of the church, is the way of enthusiasm movements, tending to rigidity and fanaticism. It is also the way of Marxist communism. On the other hand, if they realise the impossibility of keeping everyone at boiling point all the time, they may fall into the opposite error of institutionalism, the way of making loving behaviour manageable, even though the heart has gone out of it. Either way denotes immaturity. Mrs. Haughton finds the only hope of avoiding these pitfalls in a reaffirmation of the Christian notion of being 'in Christ'.

Obviously the church never manages to express its own inner vision fully. But the joy of this book is that it makes one realise that, even if the church is in a very poor way, Christianity is essentially indestructible. There will always be some who take the risk of the act of love.

BARNABAS S.S.F.

Friars Minor

A History of the Franciscan Order from its Origins to the Year 1517.

By John Moorman, Bishop of Ripon. Clarendon Press, 1968, £5.

Although of making of books on Franciscanism there is no end, in England too many have concentrated on too few aspects of their vast subject. Here no saint has suffered more than Saint Francis from superficial biographers, and too much of the scholarly work has been concentrated on the remarkable, if tempestuous, first century of the Order's history. There was therefore a great need for what the Bishop of Ripon here gives us—a general history in English of the Franciscans from the time of their founder to the eve of the Reformation. Of the first half, eighty-two pages are allotted to the life-time of Saint Francis, rather more than two hundred to the century which followed it; the space of the second half being almost equally divided between the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Far more than most of the older monastic orders of the Western Church, the friars' activities were entwined with those of contemporary society, and this, together with the slight attention paid to social history until very recent times, puts out of the question for long to come any comprehensive summary of all the manifold activities and influences of medieval Franciscanism. The huge problems of its contribution to medieval theology and medieval art Doctor Moorman wisely does not attempt to explore deeply, though he has some useful pages on Franciscan literature. What he does do is to give us a careful, most elaborate picture of the huge expansion of the Order, with some discussion of its major problems and major luminaries during medieval times.

The labour involved has been immense, involving recourse to much

literature scarcely known in this country, no small part of it, one suspects, little utilised in Saint Francis' own country. The massive materials are digested with that attractive clarity which marks Doctor Moorman's writings, to constitute an invaluable picture that has much to inform and stimulate both professionals and amateurs. The speed and power behind the spread of early Franciscanism can here be visualised in most concrete terms, and the chapters on Franciscanism in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries shed most welcome rays of light on a period which far too often is dismissed in a few sweeping and unscientific generalisations. If Saint Angela of Foligno is passed over briefly, the fascinating pages on Saint Bernadino of Siena will introduce many to a precious source of inspiration.

In so broad a survey inevitably some controversial interpretations will arise, and the present reviewer cannot accept the author's view that 'it is indeed doubtful whether Saint Clare really wanted strict claustration at all' (p. 36). To base this on the view that 'the Franciscan ideal, to which she was dedicated, was essentially a life of activity and adventure' (*ibid.*) is unconvincing. 'The Franciscan ideal' at this time was still fluid, and there is no reason to assume that Saint Francis or Saint Clare regarded it as axiomatic that men and women should be occupied in similar sort of work. Under contemporary social conditions preaching by women was utterly out of the question, and even the sort of pious visiting indulged in by Victorian ladies was probably not practised and remained largely unknown for long to come. Only a hundred years ago, as Florence

Nightingale and Agnes Wilson found, it was expected in their social circles that no welfare work should be undertaken by women without a footman in attendance ! Saint Clare's wish to die a martyr on the mission-field (p. 36) no more implies a wish to quit her convent than does the exactly similar one expressed by Saint Thérèse of Lisieux. Her long life in the cloister and her huge influence are only explicable by the view that the very demanding life which she led there was that to which she had been called. How else shall we explain that trumpet-like opening to the *Testamentum* : 'The greatest of all

graces which we have received and which we receive daily from our great Benefactor, the Father of Mercies, that for which we should be the most grateful, is our vocation, and we should show him the more gratitude since the way of life to which he called us is the greatest and most perfect'.

But it would be churlish to end on any other note than one of profound gratitude for one of the few major studies of the medieval church to appear in England since the war.

J. C. DICKINSON.

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM.

The Other Side

Against All Reason. *By Geoffrey Moorhouse.* Weidenfeld and Nicholson, 63s.

This is a large book of over four hundred pages, of which nearly half is taken up with four appendices, by far the largest being the interesting Usages of the Cistercian Monks of the Strict Observance, which are now out of date. This fact alone makes me think that the book is not quite worth the sixty-three shillings one has to pay to obtain it for the shelf.

This book is about the religious life today, backed and based on the tradition of centuries. Written by a person, not without his bias, who has obviously done a lot of research. His view of the life is limited insofar that he can only be objective, and not subjective, in his approach because of not having lived the life himself : a life which has been lived for over fourteen hundred years and very much at odds to that which the secular appreciates today.

The book describes a variety of communities, from the Trappist to the intensely active : from the era of S. Benedict, the father of monasticism, to the life as it stands today, on the point

of change and reorientation. It is comprised to a large extent by facts and opinions from the vast Roman Catholic religious membership, but a 'fair deal' is given to the Anglican religious. The two communities, given precedence, that have influenced the author most, are the Taizé community, intensely ecumenical, and the Little Brothers of Jesus, intensely involved.

Geoffrey Moorhouse talks of the dissolution of the old way of the religious life, the structure as it is today, prayer, authority and obedience, vocation or the actual choice, plus a very sensitive section about the often mis-conceived sex angle, comprised mostly of the testimonials given by religious themselves, relating this very much to the question of vocation : ending up with 'what now ?'. He locates the multitude of negatives, restrictions, and the narrow, bigoted, prudish and quite illogical states of mind within the life, exemplified, one is a little led to think, by the quieter orders : and picks out the very positive side and propels and pushes this with

the aid of the more active and 'realistic' communities. There is a very interesting and frightening interview with a Greek Orthodox monk in which the monk seems to personify the often heard secular impressions of the religious life. When asked what he thought of the Devil, he replied that he (the Devil) makes one think of the bad things in life . . . women and smoking! He recommended to the author that he should put his wife into a convent, children into a home, and become a monk himself. No man or woman should love each other except as brother

and sister!

The excellent illustrations, which occupy sixteen pages, are interesting apart from their obvious attraction because they form a subtle synopsis of the essence of the book's content.

I began this book with a rather biased frame of mind after having read the *Observer's* review, but was greatly relieved and agreeably impressed to find that the author has given a quite fair and balanced account of the religious life as he has been able to see it and understand it.

PETER CUTHBERT S.S.F.

Unity in Depth

The Revival of the Religious Life and Christian Unity. By A. Perchenet.

(Translated from the French by E. M. A. Graham). 435 pp. Mowbrays, 75s.

This is an exciting book which introduces the reader into a wide circle of ecumenical relationships, many of which go back long before ecumenism was popular. It is a record of the Spirit of God at work in many different places and many different ways. Its insights provide inspiration for the Christian life in the world as well as for the renewal of the Religious Life for the glory of God and the service of men.

There breathes through the whole book a spirit of charity and unity which sets it apart. It is obviously a labour of love for both Mlle Perchenet (a French Roman Catholic) and her translator. To read it is to have one's passion for unity quickened and to be made aware of the ties which bind us beneath all outward divisions.

The book is divided into two parts, the first of which deals with the modern development of the Religious Life in Anglicanism. The second presents a picture of the developments in

Continental Protestantism. Each section has a good account of the theological and historical circumstances in which events took place. We see how Mlle. Perchenet's own charity has developed to so high a degree as we are told in a charming autobiographical section (the same method pervades the whole) of those influences and persons which have shaped and influenced her thinking. Her pilgrimage reads like a Who's Who of ecumenism. Her sympathetic understanding of Anglicanism and its piety as well, later, of the Reformed and Lutheran traditions, is not only pleasing, but a very useful introduction to the whole field for all who are unfamiliar with the movements for religious revival and for the establishment of the regular life. As the work develops there are wise critical insights many of which can serve as useful guides for those who are concerned to see the Religious Life renewed for mission in this present age.

The history of the early days of the European experiments is particularly interesting. Constantly one is driven to see the hand of God at work triumphing over the blindness and folly of men.

There is no other book in English which does exactly what this valuable study does. It is therefore a pity that it has no index. There are useful appendices which list the principal communities. There are a few small blemishes but these in no way impair the deep understanding of the nature of the Religious Life in its various manifestations and of its extraordinarily rich contribution to the movement for Christian unity.

The facts about, and the spirit of, the foundations in Europe need to be much better known than they are, not least

amongst Anglicans, and this book is an admirable introduction to them. 'There can be no real conclusion to this book because it is dealing with living changing communities still in the course of development'. (p. 429).

What will be of particular interest to readers of *THE FRANCISCAN* is to see something of the influence of S.S.F. in this wider area of concern, and to note with joy and hope the way in which not only have so many of the continental communities been born of Third Orders, but also the way in which these Third Orders have been responsible for the renewal of spiritual life in the communities themselves.

JOHN CHARLES S.S.F.,
Novice.

Is it right to . . . ?

Making Moral Decisions. Edited by Donald M. McKinnon. S.P.C.K., 8s.

The book is made up of four lectures delivered at Cambridge in 1968. The first, and the most interesting, is an analysis, in Professor McKinnon's usual tortuous style, of the question, 'Can man make a free moral choice?'. Christians are committed to a belief in free will but there are many others: Marxists, some psychologists and sociologists, who believe just the

opposite. Here a profound defence is made of the Christian understanding of man and his nature. The other lectures deal with contemporary problems in medical ethics, personal relationships, and in international politics. These are competent but not very exciting.

COLIN WILFRED S.S.F.,
Novice.

No Limit

Listen Pilgrim. By Christopher William Jones.
Darton, Longman and Todd, 12s. 6d.

This extraordinarily moving and challenging book is about the brotherhood of man. Written in the form of a prose poem and somewhat in the style of Michel Quoist's *Prayers of Life*, it tells of one man's experience of life.

Christopher Jones is a Christian, living in East Harlem, perhaps not a

very orthodox Christian, but a very real one, for he really tries to live out our Lord's command to love our neighbours. His life is one of love for and involvement with all who need love, whoever they may be. 'Junkies', jail-birds, prostitutes, bank managers, lawyers—in fact all men. He says all men are my

brothers and because each man is my brother then I must love him. He has discovered that the Christian Gospel has meaning only in so far as it inspires us to live a life of love. He speaks directly to us all when he says that if we take Christ's command seriously we are called to a life of love which knows no limit, a love which does not count the cost, a love which loves without

seeking love in return, and a love which loves even if our love is betrayed. This is a real love for our brother—the love of our Lord himself.

The book deals fully with the many problems involved in loving our neighbours. It is good value for the price.

MALCOLM S.S.F.,
Novice.

A Methodist at Prayer

The Use of Praying. By J. Neville Ward. Epworth Press, 8s. 6d.

There are books on the Spiritual Life, which look rather like a game of Snakes and Ladders :—on a huge board, with ten snakes for every ladder ! *The Use of Praying* is emphatically *not* one of those books. Learning to pray may not be easy. But for the reader it is perfectly possible to learn to pray better.

Mr. Ward expresses himself admirably clearly. What he says is often helpful ; though inevitably much of it has been said before. There are good quotations, from a variety of sources.

It is a pity, however, that Mr. Ward takes such a cautious attitude with regard to ' answers '. Mature Christians will agree that the best answer to prayer, must be a clearer *vision* of God. But

does that cover *all*, that the ordinary Christian means by an ' answer to prayer ' ?

What will be of interest to many people, is the side-light that this book casts on High-Church Methodism. It is startling to find a Methodist Minister who assumes the centrality of the eucharist ; who advocates sacramental confession ; who believes in prayers for the dead. To cap it all, we learn that John Wesley was, apparently, in the habit of saying the rosary !—It becomes clear, that prayer cannot be walled in by denominational barriers. Of course, we should have known this all along.

VIVIAN S.S.F.,
Tertiary.

Does God Reign ?

Providence. Edited by Maurice Wiles. Theological Collections, No. 12,
99 pp. S.P.C.K., 16s.

This is a valuable and provocative collection of papers read at meetings of theological teachers of London University. The collection does not claim to be a comprehensive treatment of the theme of Providence, nor yet to answer all the questions raised by the suggestion of a ' doctrine of Providence ' in our present time. Rather it seeks,

from the viewpoints of the various teachers who have contributed to remind us ' of certain important questions that must not be shirked, together with some suggestions of the ways in which they may most fruitfully be raised '. (p. 9).

After an introduction by Professor Wiles there follow a treatment of the Biblical Doctrine by Doctor A. M. Ward,

a discussion of the idea in other religions by Dr. Parrinder, a consideration of Paley's approach by N. P. Goldhawk, a discussion, with clear critical insights, of the teaching of Barth by Doctor Duthie, and an illuminating examination of the relationship of the idea of Providence to Science by Huw Owen, in the course of which many common and mistaken concepts are skilfully and logically treated. Finally, Canon S. H. Evans provides what for many will be

the most important contribution, 'Towards a Christian Doctrine of Providence', in which he explores fearlessly the difficulties in the way of such a doctrine, and makes at the end a moving personal declaration of faith which whilst provisional on the subject of Providence, is indeed a faith to live by in this present age.

JOHN CHARLES S.S.F.,
Novice.

Prophetic Voice

The Underground Church. Edited by Malcolm Boyd.

Sheed and Ward, London, 246 pp., 45s. Revised edition with a preface by Malcolm Boyd and a postscript by Michael Novak, 271 pp., (U.S.A. only).

Pelican Book A1109, 95 cents.

An exciting and provocative book dealing with the many-sided manifestation of a phenomenon found clearly in the United States, but by no means confined to that country, and with every indication that it will grow and spread. The details of a revolt which crosses all confessional barriers and protests not against Christianity but against the failure of the institutional and denominational church to move quickly into the demands of the present age. Here is required reading for all who wish to understand the protest movement within the churches and against them. Here, with all the failures common to sinful man in his apprehension of the divine, is a warning, a prophetic voice, and an analysis of the ills of our time. No one who is concerned with the mission of the Church can afford to ignore this book. All must be ashamed for the irrelevance and the obstinacy of the 'establishment' which is revealed in it. There is about the individual contributions a vitality, an earnestness, and a deep commitment to the Lord of the world and the Church which shames

those who still put maintenance before mission.

The radical involvement in the great social and national issues of the day speaks with the authentic voice of Christ. The experimental liturgies cry out against a conservatism which seeks still to make men consecrate their lives today in the language and thought forms of an age long dead. The vibrant religious demands of the young remind us that the church is set in the world to be a sign of the future not a museum of the past. Above all the loving acceptance of people where they are and as they are, the willingness to stand with them as one of them in their needs, echoes the Lord who came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. All of it speaks with judgement on all of us who are in, and seek to work through, the institutional Church. The cry of this book is to awake, because it is later than we think. There is a demand here for radical reform which cannot be satisfied by safe tinkering whether that tinkering be liturgical or administrative. Whatever mistakes there

may be found here (and, of course, they can be found) the total effect is a devastating criticism of our half-hearted commitment to God, of our play-safe evangelism, and of our fear of the consequences. This is a book which would have awakened a warm response from S. Francis.

Read it should be—but with great danger, because once read it cannot be sloughed off. The writers are not crackpots. Some whom it is my privilege

to have known for a long time have been driven to their present work after great agony. They bear in their lives the marks of the Lord Jesus. It demands from us all an answer and a like zeal for the Lord's work. Is it too late to work in the Church itself the changes which would enable it to do the will of God? Is not unity so urgent that it ought to be the priority we are always *saying* it should be? JOHN CHARLES S.S.F.,

Novice.

Church History Outlines

The English Parish 600—1300. *By John Godfrey.* S.P.C.K., 9s.

The French Revolution and the Church. *By John McManners.* S.P.C.K., 14s.

The first book, by a parish priest, describes clearly how the present parochial system developed, from three types of buildings: central minsters, local oratories dependent on them and proprietary chapels built by feudal landowners. The author sums up: 'By the thirteenth century the English parochial system, which has been the main instrument for maintaining the Christian religion amongst us to this day, was complete'. It is true that the church is bound to be organised in communities but contemporary evidence would suggest that we needn't necessarily assume, as does John Godfrey, that

these must always be on a geographical basis. Professor McManners' book brings to life the situation of the Roman Catholic Church in France during the Revolution. He approaches this through accounts of individuals and their dilemmas of conscience. I was constantly struck by the parallels to the situations in Nazi Germany and present day U.S.S.R. with the conflicts aroused by a conforming state church and rebellious minorities. Both books have good bibliographies and should encourage further exploration into the subjects they introduce. COLIN WILFRED S.S.F.,

Novice.

Eastern Revolution

China in the Year 2001. *By Han Suyin.* Watts, 15s.

With seven hundred million people within her borders and influencing many more millions outside, one would feel that it is important to understand just what it is that makes China tick. Completely unaided China has managed in seventeen years to come from almost hopeless backwardness to be the third most powerful nation in the world. Yet to most people in the West there is only bewilderment, prejudice or disinterest.

For those who wish to know about China I would recommend this book as a very clear and well written opening to their study. The authoress is a Chinese woman who lectures at the University of Nanyang, Singapore. She is a recognised authority on China and has visited the country many times.

Though she is not herself a Marxist she sees the wonders that Mao Tse-Tung and the Chinese Communist Party have

done for China. Her pride in the achievements of her country shines out in her work. She sees the future of man himself tied up with the future of China and of course this is obviously the case. Whether or not we agree with the aims of the Chinese people we must take our heads out of the sand and cope with the situation that confronts us. By attaining knowledge we can hope to achieve this. Reading this book will help. Pascal, quoted in the first chapter heading, says "“ But China obscures ” you say, I reply “ China obscures, but there is clearness to be found ; look for it ” ”.

In ten chapters Han Suyin contrasts conditions as they were before 1949 when the Communists came to power, and the seventeen years since then. But perhaps the most important section describes the positive aims of the Cultural Revolution as a deliberate policy of the leaders to begin to combat any tendency towards a reversion to embourgeoisement or any bureaucracy, whether inside the party or not. She claims that the party leaders have set out to encourage the young to continue the revolution and not allow the old to fossilise things. It is this which distinguishes Chinese Communism from

the more stable, perhaps sterile, Russian form.

The book is very critical of American and Russian policies towards Asia and is tremendously confident that China has a lot to offer to Mankind. Mao Tse-Tung talks about the remaking of Man and this is what the Cultural Revolution is meant to be doing for a quarter of the world's population. The book is so optimistic for the future of Man. 'Of all things in the world, people are the most precious' (Mao Tse-Tung) seems to be the theme throughout.

The other theme is urgency :

' So many deeds to be done,
And always urgently,
The world rolls on,
Time hurried.
Ten thousand years are too long ;
Seize the day
The hour ! '

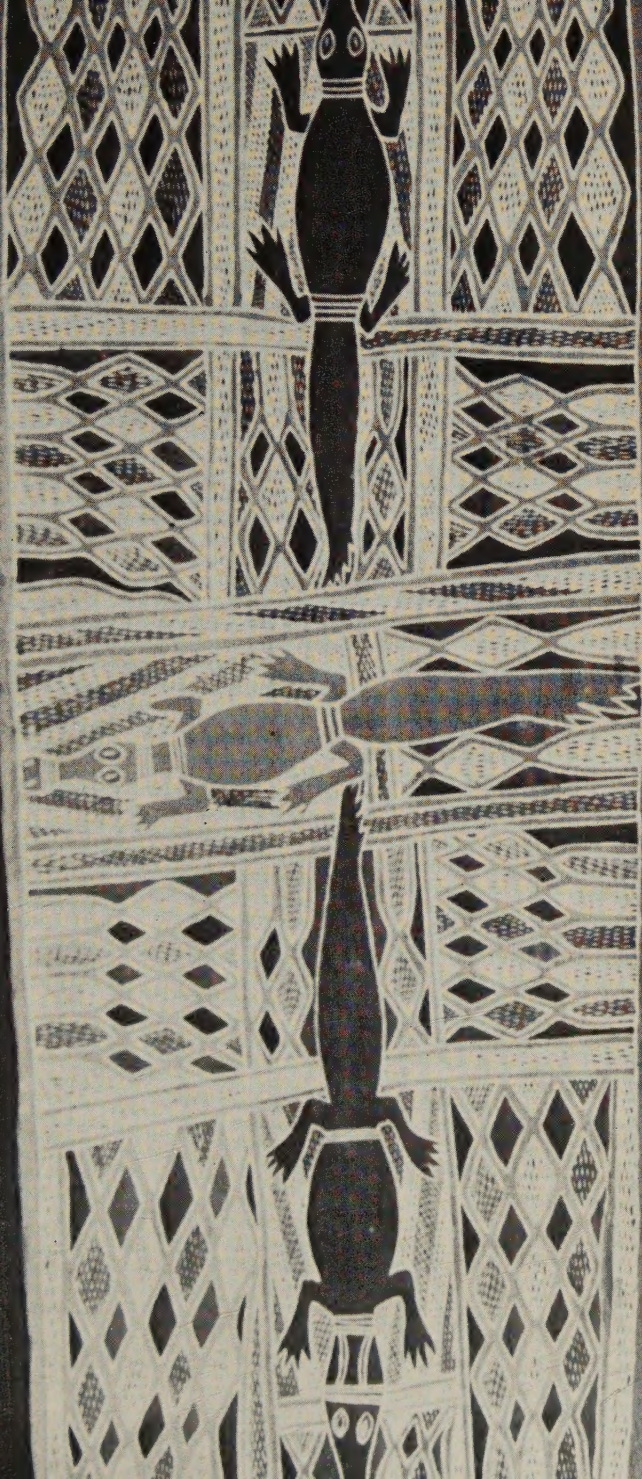
(Mao Tse-Tung poems)

This seems to me to be far more hopeful than the sick, bored, complacent state of things in the West. This book helps to bring hope to the future in a way that is very reminiscent of the style of Teilhard de Chardin.

HUGH GAW.

Books Received

The Sacred Ministry, edited by G. L. Dunstan, S.P.C.K., 12s. ; *The Parsonage in England*, by Alan Savidge, S.P.C.K., 21s. ; *House Groups*, by Michael Skinner and *Preaching Today*, by G. W. Cleverly Ford, S.P.C.K. and Epworth Press, 15s. each ; *A Guide to the Book of Genesis*, by John Hargreaves, S.P.C.K., 9s. ; *A Guide to Saint Mark's Gospel*, by John Hargreaves, S.P.C.K., 10s. ; *Loving on Principle*, by E. W. Trueman Dicken, Darton, Longman and Todd, 21s. ; *Living with Questions*, by David E. Jenkins, S.C.M. Press, 28s. ; *God's Revelation and Man's Responsibility* by Harvey Cox, S.C.M. Press, 28s. ; *Christian Freedom in a Permissive Society*, by John A. T. Robinson, S.C.M. Press, 21s. ; *Introduction to the Old Testament*, by George Folmer, S.P.C.K., 55s.



Aboriginal Art

Painting by tribal artist from Yirrkhala, a Methodist mission in Arnhem Land, northern Australia.

The painting tells the story of a fire lit in the dream-time by Lany'tjun, an ancestral hero, as an aid to hunting. The fire and flames are shown by the diamond-shaped cross-hatching, and various animals are depicted as they try to escape. Spiders' webs are also shown, seen by the hunter on the morning after the fire.

See article by M. H. Haines

